

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXIV

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY JANUARY 26, 1911.

NO. 21

VISIT HAS TRAGIC ENDING

Buggy in Which Two Men Were Riding is Struck by Freight at Peck's Crossing

ONE KILLED--ONE INJURED

Train Crew Testifies that Whistle Sounded for Crossing and that the Bell was Clanging at the Time

Saturday of last week at somewhere near the hour of noon, at Peck's crossing, just north of Silver Lake Wis., occurred an accident in which two well known men lost their lives.

One was a resident of Kenosha county, Monroe Wicks, a farmer living about two miles from Silver Lake. The other was his guest, Lucius Pease, of Hartford, S. D., who in company with his wife had come to Kenosha county for a visit only a few days before, and at the time were visiting at the Wicks' home. He was a brother of James and Charles Pease, both of Salem. His home had been in Dakota for the past thirty-six years.

The two men had been to the village of Silver Lake and had spent the forenoon calling on old acquaintances until shortly after eleven o'clock when they started for home. In order to reach the Wicks' place it was necessary for them to cross the Northwestern railroad tracks at what is known as Peck's crossing. Exact details will never be known but it is supposed that the two were earnestly engaged in conversation and failed to see the approach of the train, a way freight, and that Wicks who was driving must have guided the team upon the track directly in the path of the oncoming engine. The buggy was struck and the occupants thrown some distance. Wicks was instantly killed and Pease was mortally injured.

The train was stopped and the injured man was placed aboard the engine and rushed to Kenosha for the purpose of placing him in the hospital in the hopes of saving his life, but so serious were his injuries that he died about five o'clock, although the best efforts of several physicians were put forth in an attempt to save him, and for a time they had hopes of being successful, but a few moments before his death he lapsed into unconsciousness and the end came suddenly. Mrs. Pease hastened to Kenosha and was with him at the time of his death. Besides his wife he is survived by one son and two daughters, who reside in Dakota. The funeral was held at Salem and the remains were buried in the Pease lot at that place.

All of the members of the train crew were summoned and appeared at the inquest. They testified that the whistle was sounded for the crossing and that the bell was clanging at the time the buggy was hit.

This crossing is regarded as one of the worst in the county and it is quite possible that the company will now be forced to take some step toward its improvement.

This sad accident is the cause of intense sorrow throughout the county, as both were well known and highly respected men and their tragic death was indeed a sad ending to visit so pleasantly begun.

The horses both escaped uninjured.

POPULAR COUPLE OF BRISTOL ARE MARRIED

The marriage of John M. Castle and Miss Alice Butrick, well known young people of the town of Bristol was quietly celebrated at the Manse of the First Congregational church at Kenosha, Wisconsin, on Thursday morning, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. E. T. Farrill. The bride has been the operator for the Bristol Telephone company for some time and she is widely known throughout the county. Mr. and Mrs. Castle will make their home in the town of Bristol. It is probable that the announcement of the marriage will come as a surprise to many of the friends of the bride and groom in Bristol and other parts of the county.

LABOR LAW IS VIOLATED

Inspector of Kenosha County Begins an Extensive Investigation and Cleanup

Deputy Factory Inspector Evans of Racine is cleaning up the town of Salem and in the Municipal court late Saturday afternoon he filed complaints on which warrants were issued for the arrest of Herbert Stocker, William Kechin, Her-Lukow and Fred Stoffer. The first two are charged with violating the compulsory education act by failing to keep children of school age in schools of Salem and the last two are foremen at ice houses who are charged with employing children under the age of 16 years without the children securing permits to work. This is only the beginning of the fight in Salem as the Deputy Inspector found nine children under the age of 16 working in the ice houses at Salem and other warrants will be issued just as soon as these cases have been disposed of. In the meantime, the conditions are being investigated by the officials of the Knickerbocker Ice company as it is alleged that the men employed as managers for the company had been given instruction not to employ any one under the age fixed by law. The pay rolls of the company show that those children were drawing pay at the rate of a dollar and a half a day the same pay that is given to men of mature years employed about the houses. It is claimed that the children have been at work every since the ice harvest started and the complaint was made by the school officials of the district who found that the schools were being emptied in order to put the children to work in the ice houses. The hearing of the managers of the ice houses has been set for Friday of this week in the Municipal court there and the attorneys for the company have been instructed to make an examination into the conditions at Salem. This is the first time that Inspector Evans has worked in the rural towns of the county but it is declared that many complaints have been made in regard to the failure of children to attend school in these towns and it is expected that arrests will be made in all the towns just as soon as the inspector can get out the complaints. The State Department has sent out a notice to all the deputies that the laws in regard to the children attending school must be enforced to the very letter in both the county districts and in the cities and many prosecutions are expected as a result.

WAUKEGAN GAZETTE IS PURCHASED BY J. B. HUNGERFORD

J. B. Hungerford, of Carroll, Iowa, has purchased the Waukegan Daily and Weekly Gazette, but although the deal was closed some few days ago, he will not take possession until about the first of March, owing to business interests detaining him in Iowa for about a month longer. The retiring owners W. J. and F. G. Smith have been in possession of the Gazette exactly five years, having purchased it March 1, 1906. Under their management the Gazette has attained a marked degree of success and its sale comes as a surprise to the public as it was not known that that publication was for sale.

Mr. Hungerford is a man of ripe experience in the newspaper field, and for a quarter of a century has dictated the policy of the Carroll Daily Herald, and was a factor in politics in the district. An able man, he is a clear thinker and a lucid writer, whose work has attracted wide attention in his native state.

Thus it appears that a man of influence, prestige and personal power is to enter the newspaper field of Lake county and we predict that the Gazette will advance even more noticeably under his management than under the supervision of the retiring owners.

COMMITTS SUICIDE IN MOMENTS OF DELIRIUM

Just as we are about to go to press we learn that William Schenning, manager of the Oetting Bros. ice house at Channel lake had committed suicide by shooting himself with a shotgun.

Mr. Schenning had been sick in bed with typhoid fever for the past three weeks and had been delirious a part of the time and it is thought that it was in that condition that he committed the act. He had been left alone in his room for only a very few moments but in that short space of time he arose from his bed secured a gun and fired it, the charge entering his neck, and his death being almost instantaneous, the attending physician in the case was at once called, but Mr. Schenning had expired almost immediately and he could render no service.

Coroner Taylor was notified and the inquest will be held this (Friday) afternoon.

SHURTLEFF COMMITTEE DECLARES

Tuberculin Test for Cattle in Illinois Not Necessary and Fight from Chicago is Expected

COMMITTEE'S REPORT IN A CONDENSED FORM

Recommends That a Law be Passed Prohibiting Any Municipality From Demanding the Tuberculin Test As a Means of Protecting the Milk Supply

One of the most interesting topics of the day among the farmers and dairymen of this district is the "tuberculin test," whether it is effective or not, and whether it will be enforced or not. As stated last week the Shurtleff committee has completed their investigation and submitted their report. This report is a voluminous affair covering 127 type written pages and will be put into pamphlet form in a week or so, in the meantime the News has been able to secure advanced information of the sum and substance of their findings and also secured in a condensed form the statements and recommendations of which it consists and we here present the same to our readers.

From all the evidence in this case, your committee must report that all cases of tuberculosis in cattle are not necessarily the existence of the disease of tuberculosis, if the evidence of the medical world is to be relied upon, as we gather generally from all the evidence presented before us.

That in the human race, over eighty percent of all human being at some time during their life are infected and have tubercle bacilli in their system, and yet the larger portion of the human race throw it off and die of other diseases. And likewise, as it is testified to by many witnesses, and the inference drawn by others, that in the cattle kind nearly all animals, at some time during their life, take into their system tubercle bacilli and the fact of infection formed, at which times they will react to the tuberculin test, yet over ninety percent of all cattle so infected throw off the infection; overcome the danger and live out their allotted time and die of other diseases. During which time of infection among cattle they are not throwing off tubercle bacilli, either through milk or the excreta, and are not dangerous to themselves or to others.

Your committee is compelled, by all of this evidence, to find that there are two phases of tuberculosis among animals: First—The conditions under which the animal may be inoculated, infected and have within its system tubercle bacilli, a lodgement of the cause of the disease, and among which animals, it is overcome, the tubercle bacilli becoming caseated and encysted and the lesions, so-called cured. Second—The stage where the infection becomes seated and the animal is not able to overcome it, and it develops into what may be known as the disease of tuberculosis.

Your committee find that the tuberculin test in the hands of a skillful veterinarian, having practical knowledge of cattle and having practical acquaintance with and understanding of the particular herd and animal diseased, is a fairly, good diagnostic agent to determine the existence of tubercle bacilli and infection in cattle; and that the tuberculin test is a fairly, good diagnostic agent to determine the existence of tuberculosis, the disease, in cattle, during its earlier stages, but that it is not a good diagnostic agent to determine the existence of the disease, tuberculosis, in its latter stages or generalized tuberculosis.

Your committee further find that the tuberculin test, as a diagnostic agent, is easily negatived and its results frustrated by the use of anti-pyretics and by the use of febrifuge, and that by many practical means and measures, the perfect and proper result of the injection of tuberculin as a diagnostic agent may be overcome.

Your committee further find that the use of tuberculin, as the diagnostic agent to discover tuberculosis in animals, is rendered practically useless after an animal has been injected with

the tuberculin at two or three different times.

In the city of New York, two hundred and seventy children died of tuberculosis of all causes in one year. Deduct the one hundred and sixty-six that died from pulmonary tuberculosis and it leaves one hundred and four dying from other causes than pulmonary tuberculosis. Applying to the number the rule laid down by Ravensal, Park, Adams and the radical rule established by the high percentages found in Great Britain and Germany, then it is demonstrated that altogether in the city of New York, twenty-six children under the age of five years have died, during one year, of bovine infection out of the total number of tuberculous deaths, 10,157.

Take the figures from the vital statistics of the city of Chicago for the year of 1906, being the last year for which full tabulated figures are furnished your committee, and the total number of deaths in the city of Chicago, during 1906 were, 29,048. Total number from tuberculosis, all causes, 3,837. We furnish the following table of deaths, during 1906, from tuberculosis all causes, and include the number under one year and under five years of age.

Tuberculosis,	Total	Under 1 year	1 to 5 years
Pulmonary.....	3224	45	45
Abdominal.....	130	7	16
Articular.....	16		2
Cutaneous.....	4		
General.....	213	10	18
Glandular.....	16	3	1
Laryngeal.....	20		
Meningeal.....	163	33	62
Other forms.....	51	4	5
Total deaths.....	3837	102	149

Total number of deaths under five years, 251. Deduct those dying from pulmonary tuberculosis, 90, and those dying from meningitis, 95, of which all of the records in the scientific world admit are not from the bovine cause, and it deducts a total of 185 from 251, leaving 66 cases of children under five years of age that died from tuberculosis, except pulmonary and meningitis during 1906. Applying to this number the rule of percentages laid down by Ravensal, Park, Adams, and the radical figures as based upon the results of the British Royal commission and we find that in the city of Chicago, during 1906, sixteen and one-half children under five years of age died of tuberculosis, and we may say, probably caused by the bovine infection through the milk, out of the total number of deaths in that city from tuberculosis, 3,837, and deaths of all kinds, 29,048.

Should the lower percentages of abdominal and intestinal tuberculosis that prevail in the United States over Great Britain and the continent, again divide this death rate in the city of Chicago, once or twice (which is likely) it would seem that the public have been greatly and unnecessarily alarmed by bovine infection through the milk.

(Bovaird) "If, however, we take the frequency of the two types of tuberculosis in the total number of sick children treated, we see that, on the average, abdominal tuberculosis is fifteen times as frequent in Great Britain as in this country, the figures being 23.5 per cent of the total number treated in Great Britain and 0.22 per cent in the United States. These figures surely demonstrate beyond doubt that abdominal tuberculosis is many times more frequent among children in Great Britain than among these in the United States."

In the city of Chicago the per cent age

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE)

WIRE DRAWERS ARE OUT

Men Who Claim Conditions at Wire Works Not Satisfactory Quit Work Thursday

About 100 wire drawers of the Waukegan wire mills walked out Thursday morning and while their removal from the mills is important in view of the fact that it is the first time in the history of the plant that such a number of men have quit at once, it is admitted it is not a very serious matter because the question of wages is not up at all.

The men are known as the "coarse wire drawers," that is, they draw the coarse wire. According to one of the men, "we haven't any complaint about the wages but what we are kicking on is the cleaning and coating of the rods before they are drawn. We also are seeking for mere lubricating on the rods so they will slip through the machines more easily. The wages and other features are all right."

Superintendent Waldeck said that he knew nothing of the complaints of the men, that they had merely quit their work, that nobody had been to see him and explain matters hence he was in the dark and was waiting for an explanation of any possible grievances which might exist.

None but the coarse wire drawers are affected, the fine wire workers all remaining at their positions. It is reported that Superintendent Waldeck had received an order from Cleveland to the effect that, seeing the wire drawers were seeking to make trouble that he should close down the entire mills for an indefinite period. However, this report seems to be unauthentic for no official at the plant would say that any such order had been received or even intimated.

In fact, it is admitted that the situation is not serious for the reason that, if the 118 wire drawers who walked out, do not see fit to return to work at the plant, the company will merely put in new men who are to be had by the score in other cities where wire mills are not running even as full as Waukegan. From 90 to 100 men were at the wire mills gates this morning looking for work hence it is apparent that the company will have no trouble getting help if they fail to get together with the employees who walked out.

According to one man, the main kick of the workmen is that they are not allowed to take all the soap they wish in drawing wire, the soap being spread on their dies to make the wire run through easily. Under the system maintained in all the corporation's plants, the men take soap whenever it is needed but they are held accountable for it, that is, each amount is weighed up so that it can be estimated how much each man uses. What the men want, it is said, is to be allowed all the soap they wish without having to weigh it up.

JOHN MCGINTY OF TREVOR DIES SUDDENLY

Monday afternoon at the hour of 4:45 o'clock without warning of its approach the Angel of death removed from his home, the farm of John McGinty of Trevor, Wis.

Mr. McGinty had been in his usual good health and spirits and on that same afternoon had been to the store to purchase a few groceries, returning home he entered the house placed the articles on the kitchen table and walked on through the house into the living room. Just as he reached the folding door he was seen to fall and his wife and oldest daughter Sara who were alone in the house at the time rushed at once to his side to find that every spark of life had fled. His death being instantaneous caused by heart trouble.

The deceased was born at Achille, Mayo Co., Ireland June 24, 1827.

Forty-seven years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Katherine Gellty at Cleveland, Ohio. Soon after their marriage they settled on a farm on the north shore of Channel Lake and there they lived thirty-five years. Selling their place there to Oetting Bros. they moved to the village of Trevor to reside four years ago.

Mr. McGinty was known as a true friend and kind and considerate neighbor and his loss will be mourned by his large number of friends as well as by his immediate family which consists of his wife one son Thomas, of Chicago Mrs. S. Yaw of Camp Lake, Mrs. J. B. Yopp and Miss Sara McGinty of Trevor. The funeral was held at the home Wednesday forenoon with Rev. Father Heller officiating. The remains were interred in the Wilmot Cemetery.

An Obedient Son.
The prodigal son entered the old homestead through the kitchen window. "Father can't say that I disobeyed him," he soliloquized; "he warned me never again to drink on his door and I'm heeding his good advice."

VOLIVA WINS BIG VICTORY

Ringling of Bell and Hoisting of Flag Proclaims the Glad News in Zion

LEWISITES PLANING EXODUS

Voliva is Now Absolute Ruler of the City After Surmounting Untold Obstacles Brought by his Opponents.

"Overseer John A. Lewis, whom the late Alexander Dowie of Zion City nominated in his will as his sole heir, legatee, and successor to the rights and property of Zion estate, received a fell and final blow in the court of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis in Chicago this week, when the court dismissed his bill for a review of the proceedings that plunged Zion City into a receivership, and thus blasted the hopes of Lewis for the undoing of every legal process since Dowie's death, so that he could step in as Dowie's successor. The bond was fixed at \$1,100,000, in case Lewis may decide to appeal. He will not appeal. Lewis has about twenty followers in Zion City.

The news of Judge Landis' decision was hailed with joy in Zion, the prayer bell was vigorously rung, flags were hoisted, the Volivites shouted for joy, clasped hands and congratulated themselves and each other on this final triumph. Prayers were offered and altogether it was a great day in Zion.

Wilbur Glenn Voliva is now the absolute overlord of the Zion estate as well as the legitimate successor of the late Jenn Alexander Dowie. The finish in this big \$700,000 deal came so quickly that it fairly bewildered the independent forces off their feet, their first intimation being the clanging of the bell, according to the agreement made months ago, that when the final papers were signed transferring the estate to Voliva that the prayer bell of Zion should be pealed.

Cebe & McKinnon are Voliva's brokers to whom he is to pay \$500,000 for the estate, a premium of \$200,000, paying \$100,000 and interest every year for seven years, and then the balance \$800 a day including Sundays and holidays.

This victory ends a long and hard fight on the part of Voliva against inconceivable obstacles to block his game but he is now the acknowledged leader of Zion, with as much power as a man would have on his own property.

The anti-Volivians or Independents it is said, beaten and discouraged are to participate in a general exodus of the city.

In connection with all this going on in Zion and to show what changes a short time may bring forth the following article is quoted from a Whitehall, Mich., paper. "Mrs. Jane Alexander Dowie, surrounded a few years ago, in Zion with every luxury, with a host of servants, with men and women only waiting to do something to win her favor, she was the envy of many, who longed to attain the influence, wealth and power which she through her husband had attained. But today she lies sick, alone and unattended in her home here, with only neighbors, the nearest of whom is half a mile away, to administer to her needs. Her son Gladstone Dowie is away, working as an insurance agent and it leaves his mother in an unenviable position."

BOY IS SHOT WHEN FALL DISCHARGES GUN

Charles Repkow, aged 12, of Winthrop Harbor, is in the hospital as the result of having a badly injured arm, which was hurt when a 22 caliber rifle was accidentally discharged Monday last. The wound is not quite as serious as it was at first believed and it is now thought that he may be able to return home in a few days.

The boy was carrying the rifle when he slipped and fell, the weapon being thereby discharged. The bullet entered the left arm and the injury was such that for a time it was considered quite serious, and he was taken to the McAllister hospital for treatment.

Acquiring Wisdom.
Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired.—Plautus.

ANTIOCH NEWS

A. D. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Lower Ten*, etc.

Copyright 1909, by the Hobbie-Merrill Co.

Needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries his trouble begins.

CHAPTER I.

At Least I Meant Well.

When the dreadful thing occurred that night, every one turned on me. The injustice of it hurt me most. They said I got up the drier, that I asked them to give up other engagements and come, that I promised all kinds of justification, if they would come; and then when they did come and got in the papers, and every one—but ourselves—laughed himself black in the face, they turned on me! I, who suffered ten times to their ease! I shall never forget what Dallas Brown said to me, standing with a coal shovel in one hand and a well, perhaps it would be better to tell it all in the order it happened.

It began with Jimmy Wilson and a conspiracy, was helped on by a foot-square piece of yellow paper and a Japanese butler, and it ended with me, and as all the lines of his face, or what should have been lines, were really dimples, his face was about as flexible and full of expression as a pillow in a tight cover. This angrier he got the funnier he looked, and when he was raging, and his neck swelled up over his collar, and got red, he was entrancing. And everybody liked him, and borrowed money from him, and laughed at his pictures (he has one in the Hargrave gallery in London now, so people buy them instead), and smoked his cigarettes, and tried to steal his Jap. The whole story hinges on the Jap.

The trouble was, I think, that no one took Jim seriously. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to. His art was a huge joke—except to himself. He asked people to dinner, every one expected a frolic. When he married Bella Knowles, people chuckled at the wedding, and considered it the wildest prank of Jimmy's career, although Jim himself seemed to take it awfully hard.

We had all known them both for years. I went to Farmington with Bella, and Anno Brown was her matron of honor when she married Jim. My first winter out, Jimmy had paid me a lot of attention. He painted my portrait in oils and had a studio tea to exhibit it. It was a very nice picture, but it did not look like me, so I stayed from the exhibition. Jim asked me to. He said he was not a photographer, and that anyhow the rest of my features called for the nose he had given me, and that all the Greuze women have long necks. I have not.

After I had refused Jim twice he met Bella at a camp in the Adirondacks and when he came back he came at once to see me. He seemed to think I would be sorry to lose him, and he blundered over the telling for 20 minutes. Of course, no woman likes to lose a lover, no matter what she may say about it, but Jim had been getting on my nerves for some time, and I was much calmer than he expected me to be.

"If you mean," I said finally in desperation, "that you and Bella are in love, why don't you say so, Jim? I think you will find that I stand it wonderfully."

He brightened perceptibly. "I didn't know how you would take it, Kit," he said, "and I hope we will always be bully friends. You are absolutely sure you don't care a whoop for me?"

"Absolutely," I replied, and we shook hands on it. Then he began about Bella; it was very tiresome.

Bella is a nice girl, but I had roomed with her at school, and I was under no illusions. When Jim raved about Bella and her bunjo, and Bella and her guitar, I had painful moments when I recalled Bella learning her two songs on each instrument, and the old English ballad she had learned to play on the harp. When he said she was too good for him, I never batted an eye. And I shook hands solemnly across the tea table again, and wished him happiness—which was sincere enough, but hopeless—and said we had only been playing a game, but that it was time to stop playing. Jim kissed my hand, and it was really very touching.

We had been the best of friends ever since. Two days before the wedding he came around from his tailor's, and we burned all his letters to me. He would read one and say: "Here's a crackerjack, Kit," and pass it to me. And after I had read it we would lay it on the fire, and Jim would say, "I am not worthy of her, Kit. I wonder if I can make her happy?" Or "Did you know that the duke of Bedford proposed to her in London last winter?"

Of course, one has to take the woman's word about a thing like that, but the duke of Bedford had been mad about Maude Richard all that winter.

You can see that the burning of the letters, which was meant to be reminiscently sentimental, a sort of how-silly-we-were-it-is-all-over-now occasion, became actually a two hours' eulogy of Bella. And just when I was bored to death, the Mercer girls dropped in and heard Jim begin to read one commencing "dearest Kit." And the next day after the rehearsal dinner, they told Bella!

There was very nearly no wedding at all. Bella came to see me in a frenzy the next morning and threw Jim and his two hundred odd pounds in my face, and although I explained it all over and over, she never quite forgave me. That was what made it so hard later—the situation would have been had enough without that complication.

They went abroad on their wedding journey, and stayed several months. And when Jim came back he was fatter than every. Everybody noticed it. Bella had a gymnasium fitted up in a corner of the studio, but he would not use it. He smoked a pipe and painted all day, and drank beer and would eat starchy or whatever it is that is fattening. But he adored Bella, and he was madly jealous of her. At dinner he used to glare at the man who took her in, although it did not make him thin. Bella was flirting, too, and by the time they had been married a year, people hitched their chairs together and dropped their voices when they were mentioned.

Well, on the anniversary of the day Bella left him—oh, yes, she left him finally. She was intense enough about some things, and she said it got on her nerves to have everybody chuckle when they asked for her husband. They would say, "Hello, Bella! How's Dubbles? Still bantling?" And Bella would try to laugh and say, "He



"Look at That Infernal Hand."

swears his tailor says his waist is smaller, but if it is he must be growing hollow in the back." But she got tired of it at last. Well, on the second anniversary of Bella's departure, Jimmy was feeling pretty glum, and as I say, I am very fond of Jim. The divorce had just gone through and Bella had taken her maiden name again and had had an operation for appendicitis. We heard afterward that they didn't find an appendix, and that the one they showed her in a glass jar was not hers! But if Bella ever suspected, she didn't say. Whether the appendix was anonymous or not, she got her box of flowers that were, and of course every one knew that it was Jim who sent them.

To go back to the anniversary: I went to Rothberg's to see the collection of antique furniture—mother was looking for a sideboard for father's birthday in March—and I met Jimmy there, hating into a worn-hole in a seventeenth century bedpost with the end of a match, and looking his nearest to sad. When he saw me he came over.

"I'm blue today, Kit," he said, after we had shaken hands. "Come and help me dig bait, and then let's go fishing. If there's a worm in every hole in that bedpost, we could go into the fish business. It's good business."

"Better than painting?" I asked. But he ignored my gibe and swelled up alarmingly in order to sigh.

"This is the worst day of the year for me," he affirmed, staring straight ahead, "and the longest. Look at that crazy clock over there. If you want to see your life passing away, if you want to see the steps by which you are marching to eternity, watch that clock marking the time. Look at that infernal hand staying quiet for 60 seconds and then jumping forward to catch up the procession. Ugh!"

"See here, Jim," I said, leaning forward, "you're not well. You can't go through the rest of the day like this. I know what you'll do: You'll go home to play Greg on the piano, and you won't eat any dinner." He looked guilty.

"Not Greg," he protested feebly. "Beethoven."

"You're not going to do either," I said with firmness. "You are going right home to unpack those new draperies that Harry Bayless sent you

from Shanghai, and you are going to order dinner for eight—that will be two tables of bridge. And you are not going to touch the piano."

He did not seem enthusiastic, but he rose and picked up his hat, and stood looking down at me where I sat on an old horse-hair covered sofa.

"I wish to thunder I had married you!" he said savagely. "You're the finest girl I know, Kit, without exception, and you are going to throw yourself away on Jack Manning, or Max, or some other—"

"Nothing of the sort," I said coldly. "And the fact that you didn't marry me does not give you the privilege of abusing my friends. Anyhow, I don't like you when you speak like that."

Jim took me to the door and stopped there to sigh.

"I haven't been well," he said, heavily. "Don't eat, don't sleep. Wouldn't you think I'd lose flesh? Kit—he lowered his voice solemnly—"I have gained two pounds!"

I said he didn't look it, which appeared to comfort him somewhat, and because we were old friends, I asked him where Bella was. He said he thought she was in Europe, and that he had heard she was going to marry Reggie Wolfe. Then he sighed again, muttered something about ordering the funeral baked meats to be prepared and left me.

That was my entire share in the affair. I was the victim, both of circumstances and of their plot, which was made on the face of it. During the entire time they never once let me forget that I got up the dinner, that I telephoned around for them. They asked me why I couldn't cook—when not one of them knew one side of a range from the other. And for Anne Brown to talk the way she did—saying I had always been crazy about Jim, and that she believed I had known all along that his aunt was coming—for Anne to talk like that was sheer idiocy. Yes, there was an aunt. The Japanese butler started the trouble, and Aunt Sellus carried it along.

CHAPTER II.

The Way It Began.

It makes me angry every time I think how I tried to make that dinner a success. I canceled a theater engagement, and I took the Mercer girls to the electric brougham father had given me for Christmas. Their chauffeur had been gone for hours with their machine, and they had telephoned all the police stations without success. They were afraid that there had been an awful smash; they could easily have replaced Bartlett, as Lolli said, but it takes so long to get new parts for those foreign cars.

Jim had a house well up town, and it stood just enough apart from the other houses to be entirely maddening later. It was a three-story affair, with a basement kitchen and servants' dining room. Then, of course, there were cellars, as we found out afterward. On the first floor there was a large square hall, a formal reception room, behind it a big living room that was also a library, then a den, and back of all a Georgian dining room, with windows high above the ground. On the top floor Jim had a studio, like every other one I ever saw—perhaps a little mussier. Jim was really a grind at his painting, and there were cigarette ashes and palette knives and buffalo rugs and shields everywhere. It is strange, but when I think of that terrible house, I always see the halls, enormous, covered with heavy rugs, and stairs that would have taken six housemaids to keep in proper condition. I dream about those stairs, stretching above me in a Jacob's ladder of shining wood and Persian carpets, going up, up, clear to the roof.

The Dallas Browns walked; they lived in the next block. And they brought with them a man named Harbison, that no one knew. Anne said he would be great sport, because he was terribly serious, and had the most exaggerated ideas of society, and loathed extravagance, and built bridges or something. She had put away her cigarettes since he had been with them—he and Dallas had been college friends—and the only chance she had to smoke was when she was getting her hair done. And she had slipped off quite a lot—a burnt offering, she called it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EMPIRE VS. HOOSIER STATE.

He was a pompous New Yorker, and when he struck Washington street with his line of talk he was one of the greatest men who ever crossed the Alleghenies, says Indianapolis Star.

"Why," he muttered, "you folks out here are 'way behind the times. In my town we have everything that makes life worth living. We have our opers, we have our clever men, we have our wonderful buildings, we have the Atlantic ocean, we have progress, civilization, lovely women, manly men, bewildering and beautiful restaurants, the splendor of which the poets could not have described; marvelous summer resorts, where a gay galaxy of merry-makers cavort and make the night light with their jests and laughter; we have the mighty captain of finance, who direct the nation's resources."

The grizzled old street cleaner, who was listening to his airy peroration, paid heed for a few moments, then he said: "You may have all that, but there's one thing you ain't got. You ain't got no litarachoor, and that's where us out here in Indiana is strong."

Something to Remember. Bear this in mind, love letters are never burned until after you've married the girl, and sometimes not then. —Detroit Free Press.

TO FORTIFY CANAL

TAFT IN SPEECH DECLARES PANAMA CUT MUST DEFEND ITSELF.

HOPES FOR \$5,000,000 SOON

President Declares America's Right Is Incontestable and Policy Is Defended—Estimates Cost at \$12,000,000—War Still Is Possibility.

New York.—President Taft, in a speech Saturday night at the annual banquet of the Pennsylvania society in this city, opened an active campaign for the fortification of the Panama canal by the United States. He declared that the right of this country to accomplish that result was incontestable and defended such a policy.

The president believes that the present session of congress will appropriate \$5,000,000 to begin the work.

In the senate, the president has been told, the sentiment for fortification is almost two to one. The house seems pretty evenly divided, but not along partisan lines. Most of the members appear to have an open mind, however.

President Taft will bring all of his influence to bear in favor of fortification. In his speech he said that there were absolutely no treaty obligations in the way of fortifying the canal; that the United States had every right and reason to protect what was purely an American waterway.

The president said he yielded to no man in his love of peace and hatred to the senate arbitration treaties of a broader nation than had ever come before that body or any other legislative body of the world. At the same time Mr. Taft cautioned his hearers that universal peace was still a long way off and he could not conceive of any patriotic American being willing to allow an attacking force free and equal use of a waterway which was built by Americans largely as an instrument for the defense of their country.

The president quoted from diplomatic history to prove his position unsalable, and said:

"If we have to retain a part of our navy to defend the canal on both sides, then the canal becomes a burden and not an instrument for our defense. It ought to defend itself, and we should have fortifications there powerful enough to keep off the navies of any nations that might possibly attack us."

The estimated cost of the fortification, the president declared, is \$12,000,000, "hardly more than two per cent of the cost of the canal, and a first premium for insuring its safety that is not excessive."

"War is still a possibility," said the president, "and a president, senator or congressman who ignores it as something against which proper precaution should be taken subjects himself to just criticism and condemnation."

END TALK ON RECIPROCITY

Canadian and United States Conference Agree on Tariff Pact, But Withhold Details.

Washington.—The state department announces that the Canadian tariff reciprocity pact has been agreed upon. A joint statement was issued Saturday by the United States and Canadian negotiators which read:

"The negotiators have reached an understanding, which, when certain formalities are completed, will be made public at Washington and Ottawa. It is thought this may be done Thursday."

In submitting the agreement to the senate and to the house, President Taft will avoid submitting it as a treaty, which would require a two-thirds vote in the senate. Concurrent legislation in both branches of congress making the stipulated rates apply to Canada can be made effective with a majority vote in each branch of congress. While the details are withheld, it is understood in a general way that the Canadian duties on American manufactures are scaled down from 2 1/2 to 5 per cent.

This is another form of Canada granting its intermediate tariff instead of its general tariff on American manufactures.

Bonilla's Warship Is Seized.

Truxillo, Honduras.—Commander Davis of the United States cruiser Tacoma Friday seized the Honduran navy—the armed vessel Harnet. After two hours of defiance from Gen. Manuel Bonilla, provisional president of Honduras and leader of the revolt against President Davila, Commander Davis sent a force aboard the Harnet, manned her with American gunners and engineers, sent the rebel crew ashore in launches, and ordered his men to take the Harnet out of the inner harbor. Commander Davis' action was brought about by the Harnet's continuous coasting up and down the Honduran border, which he looked upon as a threatening hostile act.

Two Hindoes Kill Seives.

Tacoma, Wash.—B. Ram and Singh Ram, Hindoo brothers, committed suicide in a hotel here Saturday by inhaling gas. The case is regarded as remarkable, as Buddhism provides a terrible penalty after death for those who take their own lives.

Remarriage Steps Alimony.

Omaha, Neb.—That when a divorced man remarries the alimony decree is automatically canceled is the effect of a decision by Judge Redick handed down Saturday.

PLAN TO UNIFY BANKS

SYSTEM OFFERED BY ALDRICH FORMED BY INSTITUTIONS.

Would Be Principal Fiscal Agent of Government New Financial Houses to Receive Savings.

Washington.—Senator N. W. Aldrich's "plan for the revision of the national banking legislation," as he calls it, was given publicity Tuesday. It does not contemplate the establishment of a central bank and it is so far from what many have expected Mr. Aldrich to propose that to those who have not been in his confidence it may come as a surprise.

The plan was submitted to the national monetary commission, but Senator Aldrich was not present. His communication was presented to the commission by the vice-chairman, Representative Vreeland of New York.

Far from recommending the establishment of a central bank, Mr. Aldrich expressly disclaims belief in it as calculated to meet the needs of the situation. In his letter of transmittal he says:

"While we have found much that is admirable in the operation of the various government banks of Europe, none of them is applicable to our needs here. The good results which they obtain can, I believe, be reached without the creation of such a central bank. I feel that the plan which is proposed reaches those results without being open to the objections which may well be brought against such an institution."

What Mr. Aldrich does propose is the establishment of the "Reserve Association of America," representing what might be called a federation of local associations formed by national banks. The plan is brief follows:

Local organizations of representatives of banks, formed by not fewer than ten banks, each bank holding stock in the association in proportion to its capital.

Directors elected by these to the board of "branch" associations, one branch for each of 15 financial districts into which the United States would be divided. Each "branch" board would include a certain proportion of men not bankers, but representing industrial, agricultural, commercial and other interests.

The association would be the principal fiscal agent and depository of the government and would fix from time to time the rate of exchange or discount. Eventually its notes would replace those of the national banks. Prime commercial paper, passing up from the banks through the local associations and branches, as well as bonds of the government, could be used as a basis for currency issue.

WESTERN MINERS WIN OUT

Executive Council of Federation of Labor Decide to Grant Them a Charter.

Columbus, O.—There was much gratification among the delegates attending the convention of the United Mine Workers when word was received from Washington Friday that the executive councils of the American Federation of Labor in session in that city had decided to grant a charter to the Western Federation of Miners thus clearing the way for the amalgamation of the Western Federation with the United Mine Workers.

The threatened withdrawal of the Mine Workers from the Federation of Labor was discussed at length again at the miners' convention and the declaration was made in the passage of a resolution, that if the charter was not granted the Western Federation the United Mine Workers would withdraw and with the metal miners form a new national labor organization.

CHAMP CLARK NEXT SPEAKER

Missouri Is Selected by Democratic Caucus to Succeed Cannon in Sixty-Second Congress.

Washington.—Champ Clark of Missouri was Thursday unanimously selected by the caucus of the Democratic members-elect as his party's candidate for the speaker of the house of representatives in the Sixty-second congress.

The caucus decided to take from the speaker all power to name committees, intrusting that duty to the ways and means committee.

DEATH FOR 24 ANARCHISTS

Japanese Court at Tokyo Sentences Plotters, Including Woman, for Conspiracy.

Tokyo, Japan.—Twenty-five men and one woman charged with conspiracy against the throne and with plotting to assassinate the crown prince and high officials of the empire were sentenced publicly Wednesday by the Supreme court.

Twenty-four of the prisoners, including Denjiro Kotoku, who once lived in America, and his wife, were condemned to death.

Saves Boat and Fifteen Men.

Marshfield, Ore.—The steam schooner Lakme, waterlogged and in distress, was saved from destruction near Cape Blanco Friday, when the steamer Nan Smith succeeded in getting a tow line aboard and taking off the crew of 15.

Six Die in Mine Blast.

Richmond, Va.—Six men were killed and many injured by an explosion of dynamite in the mine of the Clayton Coal company, eight miles from here Friday.

RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all ailments, all plasters, and give MUNSON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your drug-gist and get a bottle of the LITTLE RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money—Money back guaranteed. Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium, cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

PISO'S
IS THE NAME
OF THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

THE EASIEST WAY.



Capt. Jack—I understand that you're engaged to one of the Dullion twins. How do you distinguish one from the other?

Lady Kitty—I don't try.

A Sample Quip.

"Thomas W. Lawson's Thanksgiving proclamation was a very good piece of oratorical writing," said a Boston banker. "Lawson is always full of quips."

"Not long ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those real 'high financiers' whose low methods Lawson loves to turn the light on."

"I arrived at the funeral a little late. I took a seat beside Lawson and whispered:

"How far has the service gone?"

"Lawson, nodding towards the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back: 'Just opened for the defense.'"

Father's Vocal Talent.

Eddie's Aunt Emma, who had been traveling in Europe, was expected to reach the house at midnight, and Eddie begged to be allowed to stay up to greet her. But his mother refused to give consent. "No," she said, decidedly. "It would be five long hours after your bedtime, and you couldn't possibly stay awake as long as that."

"Oh, yes, I can," Eddie replied; "I can if papa will sing lullabies to me."

—Woman's Home Companion.

Motherly Advice.

Margery was playing school with her dolls. The class in physiology was reciting:

"Now, children," she said, "what are your hands for?"

"To keep clean," was the prompt reply.

"Yes," repeated the little teacher, "hands were given us so we could keep them clean, and 'member, too," she added, "we must keep our feet clean, 'cause there might be an accident." —Metropolitan Magazine.

Without a Cook?

Never mind—you can have a good breakfast if there's a package of

Post Toasties

in the house.

This delicious food, ready to serve without cooking, is always welcome and makes

Breakfast a Delight

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich.



The Last Chapter in the ROMANCE of FUR

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

COPYRIGHT BY PEARSON PUB CO

THE day of romance—romance of the old sort, of pirate-infested seas of gold, of strange and unknown countries filled with the lure that has drawn men from the beginning of time—has rapidly passed away. It is followed now by the romance of iron and steel, the romance of invention, of progress, of a civilization that is fast crushing out the last vestige of the primitive and adding each day new chapters to its own marvelous achievements. It seems like a fitting decree of fate that the oldest and most romantic of all the industries of man, with the exception of his earliest fight for food, should be the last to die. There is something of pathos in it, especially when it is pointed out to one as it was pointed out to me by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, head of the great Hudson's Bay Company, who said, "The last chapter in the romance of fur is being written. It has been a glorious story—a glorious story."

For three thousand years the pelts of wild beasts have played their part in the lives of men. For the last ten centuries fur has played an important part in history. It has held out the lure of romance—of adventure and gold. It has caused wars, and has led to the discovery of new lands. Fur hunters have done more exploring than any other one class of men. It was the beaver that lured men from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and thence to the Rockies, opening up a continent. It was the sable that drew the tribesmen of Asiatic Russia across to the Spanish and the English all around the world in crazy craft, and gave us our first knowledge of the Pacific coast from Alaska to California. When, away back in 1070, a wandering and adventurous Frenchman by the name of Groseller fired Prince Rupert's imagination with glowing tales of a land filled with priceless furs, and a little company was formed with a capital of \$50,000, he did not dream that his wild project meant the opening up of a country almost as large as the whole of Europe and the beginning of an adventure which was to run through centuries. It was this little company of "gentleman adventurers" who formed what is today the Hudson's Bay company, the greatest landed corporation on earth—something which will remain for all time in history as a cenotaph to the tremendous part which the furred things of forest and mountain and sea have played in the fortunes of men.

Last year the raw fur industry of the world amounted to forty million dollars. Next year it will be fifty million, and the year after that the figures will be larger still. Five years ago it was less than twenty millions. Yet in spite of these figures—in the face of the fact that the fur-treasure of the world is increasing in value each year, and will continue to increase for perhaps another decade, the furred things of the earth are fast becoming extinct.

A year ago a big London fur buyer, whose business amounts to over a million dollars annually, said to me, "Within another five years only a very few people of moderate means will be buying furs. Only the wealthy will be able to afford those furs which are cheapest today, and even the muskrat, whose pelt sold for five and six cents a few years ago, will be prized as a luxury."

Ten months did much to verify this fur dealer's statements. Within that time raw pelts advanced from twenty to one hundred per cent. A Montreal dealer who purchased 80,000 muskrat skins at twenty cents per skin a year before sold them in London for seventy. A month later they had gone to eighty. Two months later they were bringing a dollar. In a single season the value of the world's annual production of fur leaped from \$25,000,000 to over \$40,000,000. I had just come down from my last trip to the Barron Lands, where I had spent eight weeks among the fur northern fox hunters, when word was passed from post to post and from trapper to trapper throughout hundreds of thousands of square miles of Canadian wilderness that a fur famine had struck London and Paris, the fur centers of the world, and that from Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal both the "Independents" and the agents of the big companies were making fabulous offers for pelts.

It will be interesting to note the conditions that this famine will bring about during the next two or three years. Millions of women are as yet unaware of what the great fur dealer I have quoted above describes as "the mine that is about to explode under their feet." It cannot be said, however, that they have not had some warning. The woman who bought a mink muff for twenty dollars five years ago pays sixty for the same grade of article today; she will pay from seventy to eighty for it this coming season—a hundred or more two years from now.

These statements are not made at random, but only after the closest personal investiga-

tion of the fur situation as it exists today, and after a long acquaintance with the great fur companies, buyers, and trappers. But a few facts are necessary to show at what ruthless pace the slaughter of fur animals has gone on during the past decade. It was not long ago that 150,000 skins of the sea otter were taken from the Alaskan Islands each year. Today there are less than 400 skins taken annually. Ten years ago sea otter was a popular fur; today it is worn only by the royal blood of Europe. Twenty years ago it was estimated that seal herds of the Prydzhenko numbered over five millions. Today, in spite of international treaties for their protection, there are not more than 150,000 seals on the island! About 10,000 skins were taken last year, and so relentless was the slaughter on account of the princely sums offered for the fur that 10,000 baby seals died during the season, chiefly of starvation because of the death of their mothers.

The glossy little wood marten is dying out. Four years ago I met two Canadian trappers who were coming down from the upper New Ontario game regions with 300 martens, worth then from four to five dollars a skin. Today they are worth twenty-five dollars, and a half a dozen are a big "catch" for any one man in a single season. Five years ago 1,700,000 foxes were killed to supply the world's market. Three years ago the number had fallen to 1,200,000. Last year less than a million were caught. From two dollars a skin the red fox jumped to twelve; the "cross" fox from twenty-five to as high as a hundred, silver and black fox to prices that made their skins ten times the value of their weight in gold!

The silver and black are now so rare that they are "bid" for only by dukes and duchesses, the rulers and the heirs of kingdoms and empires. Seldom does one sell in the London or Paris markets for less than from \$700 to \$1,000. A year ago one pelt sold for \$4,000. In this same way are going the black sable and the little white ermine whose pelt has been worn in the robes of royalty for more than seven centuries. It was not long ago that 100,000 skins of the black sable found their way into the market each year. Last year this number had dwindled to fifteen thousand!

The "signs of the change" are now at hand in another way, and as a consequence never in history will the women of the world be "up against" a greater assortment of sub-

stitutes in the fur line than during the coming seasons.

The world's prosperity and its rapid increase in population are, of course, the chief causes of the extinction of fur. As recently as ten years ago the people of the United States were not counted among the great buyers of fur. Now the majority of women among ninety million people are purchasers of fur of one kind or another. Five years ago London was the world's greatest fur center, with Paris a close second. Today, so enormous has the demand for fur become in this country as well as across the sea, that there are over 3,000 establishments for the treatment of fine furs and the making of fur garments in New York City alone.

London and Paris have now taken second and third places in the actual making of fur garments, though London handles more raw fur than the other two combined. Last year the value of New York's "finished" output was nearly \$20,000,000, and fully sixty per cent. of this was represented by the furs which a few years ago were considered almost worthless.

"Three years will clean out the cheaper class of fur," said a Montreal buyer to me, "and then the real famine will be at hand."

This passing of the old romance of fur is marked not only by the paths of the furred things themselves, but by that of the wild and picturesque life of those thousands of wilderness people whose centuries-old vocation must go with the things which gave it birth. There is some comfort for the lover of the wild and what it holds in the thought that at least in a great part of the far Canadian wilderness the picturesque fur-hunter will never, like the courier du bois, quite die out. In a country one-third as large as the whole of Europe railroads and civilization will never go. This vast wilderness region, long described as a "waste" stretches from the coast of Labrador, through Ungava, skirts Hudson's Bay and swings north and west to Mackenzie Land and the polar seas.

It is a land where for six months out of the year man's life is a bitter fight against deep snows and fierce blizzards—against hardships of all kinds, starvation, and a cold that reaches sixty degrees below zero and which is so "dry" that one may freeze almost to the point of death without being aware of especial discomfort or pain. It is, as Lord Strathcona says, "the last great trapping ground." Out of this trapping ground there has come

a constant stream of treasure for nearly two and a half centuries. Last year, according to Canadian export figures, this treasure amounted to \$2,719,822, but no credit was given for the enormous home consumption of raw pelts. The actual catch was worth at least \$5,500,000. The coming season will see \$7,000,000 worth of furs caught in Canada, in spite of the fact that the actual number of skins will be at least a quarter less than a year ago, when the lives of between thirty and forty million wild things were taken that millions of civilization might have their furs.

As recently as eight years ago, when the writer first began his journeys into the north-land, one struck the great fur country as soon as he crossed Lake Superior. From there it ranged to the Arctic sea. Less than a decade has brought about a tremendous change, and now one travels a hundred miles farther north before he enters the "last great trapping ground." From this great trapping ground comes seventy per cent. of the better class of furs worn by the American woman and her Canadian sister.

In a vast desolation one-third as large as the whole of Europe there is no railroad, no white man's village, and its population is less than that of the Sahara Desert. In its center is Hudson's Bay, the great "ice box" of the north—nine times as large as the state of Ohio. Over this vast territory at distances of from one to three hundred miles apart are scattered the Hudson's Bay Company's posts and those of its French competitors, the Revillon Brothers. In most instances a post consists of nothing more than a company "store," the factor's house, and two or three log cabins. Except during the months of the trapping season these are practically the only points of human life in a country that runs two thousand miles east and west and from two to eight hundred north and south.

With the first breath of winter the fur-gatherers begin to bury themselves in the vast desolation about them, traveling one and sometimes two hundred miles away from the post to their old trapping grounds.

From the moment he leaves his door to go over his line, three days' supply of food and a thick blanket in his pack-sack, a knife, a belt-ax and a rifle as weapons, every hour is filled with excitement for the hunter of fur. On his snowshoes he speeds swiftly from trap to trap, every mile of snowy forests and swamps revealing the mysteries of the wild things to him as plainly as a picture-book.

In one trap he finds a great white owl, and cuts off the beautiful wings for the wife and children back in the cabin. In the next there is a huge snow-shoe rabbit, frozen stiff as it had died. And then, from through the thick and gloomy balsam ahead, he hears the faint clinking of a chain. His blood leaps now, for this royal sport of the wilderness never grows old to the fur-hunter. The chain clinks louder, and he draws in quick, excited breaths as he lifts the hammer of his rifle and stares ahead. He comes suddenly upon the next house, and there is a snarling, leaping, thing in the air before him, a great silver-gray furred thing, lithe and beautiful as it crouches at bay—a lynx. And a magnificent specimen, its six-inch fur, as fine as a woman's hair, crumpled and lying richly upon the blood-stained snow as it waits for the man to come within springing distance. But the hunter knows better. He aims carefully for a spot where he can sew up the bullet-hole, and fires. Only a short time from now some gently nurtured beauty of civilization will press the warmth and regal loveliness of that thing to her face, and—Is it possible that a vision of this wilderness tragedy will come to her then? No more than the dark-faced hunter sees a vision of that woman's loveliness as he skins his catch and hurries on. To each is given but a part of the picture.

The forest man knows only that he has caught a "Number One, Extra" lynx, and that the Company will pay him fifteen dollars for it. His mental visions go no farther than that. He makes no effort to follow it in the great skin that will carry it to Paris or London, where it will be sold at great profit; nor to the furrier's shop, nor to the dainty girl or the society matron in New York who will pay \$150 for that same fifteen-dollar lynx—in an "imported" muff. He goes on, keyed to higher excitement, until the end of the day comes, and in the first gray gloom of early night he stops at one of the three or four small log shelters which he has built for himself along the trap-line, gets his supper, lights his pipe, and reviews the happenings of the day until slumber closes his eyes.

It will take him three days to cover a forty-mile trap-line, and when he returns to his cabin at the close of the third he is welcomed by the glad cries of his children and the laughter and joy of his wife, who has a tender roast porcupine or a venison stew waiting for him. For two days after that he rests, smokes his pipe, and tells of his adventures, while his wife scrapes the fat from his pelts and stretches them on sticks. Then, once more, he shoulders his pack, and goes again upon his round of excitement, adventure and profit.

The Modest Model.

The late Julia Ward Howe, though a woman of very good appearance, was extremely modest.

"She once posed for me," said a Boston painter the other day. "But she hesitated a long time before consenting. To urge her on I said:

"Don't be afraid. I'll do you justice, madam."

"Ah, she answered, 'It isn't justice I ask for at your hands; it's mercy.'"

Not Just Off the Shelf.

Little Margot has the childlike trait of curiosity, especially in regard to the age of her elders.

"How old do you think I am, dear?" counter-questioned the splinter aunt to whom the child had put the important query. The little girl considered earnestly before replying:

"Well, I don't know, Auntie Alice, but you don't look new!"

INSIDE HISTORY.

Some Self-Explanatory Letters. Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 7, '11. Dr. E. H. Pratt, Suite 1202, 100 State St., Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Doctor:

"Owing to some disagreement with magazine several years ago they have become quite vituperative, and of late have publicly charged me with falsehoods in my statements that we have genuine testimonial letters.

"It has been our rule to refrain from publishing the names either of laymen or physicians who have written to us in a complimentary way, and we have declined to accede to the demand of attorneys that we turn these letters over to them.

"I am asking a few men whom I deem to be friends to permit me to reproduce some of their letters over their signatures in order to refute the falsehoods.

"We have hundreds of letters from physicians, but I esteem the one that you wrote to me in 1906 among the very best, particularly in view of the fact that it recognizes the work I have been trying to do partly through the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"

"I do not sell or attempt to sell the higher thought which is more important than the kind of food, but I have taken considerable pains to extend to humanity such facts as may have come to me on this subject.

"In order that your mind may be refreshed I am herewith enclosing a copy of your good letter, also a copy of the little book, and if you will give me the privilege of printing this over your signature I will accompany the printing with an explanation as to why you permitted its use in publication in order to refute falsehoods, and under that method of treatment I feel, so far as I know, there would be no breach of the code of ethics.

"I trust this winter weather is finding you well, contented and enjoying the fruits that are yours by right.

"With all best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

C. W. POST.

Dr. Pratt, who is one of the most prominent and skillful surgeons in America, very kindly granted our request in the cause of truth and justice.

Chicago, Aug. 31, 1906.

Mr. C. W. Post,

Battle Creek, Mich.

My Dear Sir:

"I write to express my personal appreciation of one of your business methods, that of accompanying each package of your Grape-Nuts production with that little booklet 'The Road to Wellville.' A more appropriate, clear headed and effective presentation of health-giving auto-suggestions could scarcely be penned.

"Grape-Nuts is a good food in itself, but the food contained in this little article is still better stuff. I commend the practice because I know that the greed and strenuousness, the consequent graft and other types of thievery and malicious mischief generally can never be cured by legislative action.

"The only hope for the betterment of the race rests in individual soul culture.

"In taking a step in this direction, your process has been so original and unique that it must set a pace for other concerns until finally the whole country gets flavored with genuine, practical Christianity.

"I shall do all that lies in my power to aid in the appreciation of Grape-Nuts, not so much for the sake of the food itself as for the accompanying suggestions.

"Visiting Battle Creek the other day with a friend, Dr. Kelly of Evanston, Illinois, while I was consulting with Mr. Gregory, my friend visited your factories and came away greatly amazed, not only at the luxurious furnishings of the offices generally, and the general equipment of the place, but with the sweet spirit of courtesy and kindness that seemed to fill the air with a spiritual ozone that was good to breathe.

"The principles expressed in the little booklet, 'The Road to Wellville,' I well know are practical and they work in business of all kinds, including salutariness, as will be fairly tested before time is done.

"I know you will not regard this letter of appreciation as an intruding one. It is simply the salutation of good fellowship to you from a man who, although he has never seen you, feels drawn to you by the kinship of thought.

"The only thing that makes a man live forever in the hearts of his countrymen and his race is the good that he does. Your position in this respect is an enviable one and I wish to extend my congratulations.

Yours respectfully,

E. H. PRATT.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00

Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon
Application

Telephone Antioch 531

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1911

Again That Big "If."

How wise we should all be if at middle age we could actually know as much as in youth we thought we did!

Not Always to the Swift.

"The automobile race is not always to the swift," says the Philosopher of Folly. "Sometimes it's to the hospital."

Poultry at the Mines.

Owing to the difficulty of securing fresh eggs, most of the mining companies in Mexico have their own poultry yards.

Spread the Salve.

Praise is encouraging; it brings out the heat that is in a man and inspires him to do his duty cheerfully and faithfully.—Henry Lee.

True Love.

Love in action is sacrifice; it must give itself; wherever, then, true, pure love lies, true pure sacrifice is continually made.—Jessie Combs.

Deceiving.

Often when you get them unbuttoned and removed you find that those really isn't much of a man inside those big fur overcoats after all.

Hours to Remember.

The hours I remember most joyfully are the hours in which some unselfish effort or sacrifice stirred the sluggish pulses of my heart.—J. Baldwin Brown.

His Definition.

Young Arthur, being asked to give a definition of "deadlocks," quite unexpectedly answered: "A deadlock is what Aunt Emma's back hair is made of."

He Knew Her Methods.

Wife—I've been shopping all day and saw nothing that I really wanted. Husband (anxiously)—What did you get that you didn't want.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Use Rays of Sun.

Curved mirrors, concentrating the sun's rays upon a point beneath them, constitute a machine being tried out in South Africa to smelt metals directly from the ores.

What Sobered Him.

"You look sober. Did father refuse his consent to our marriage?" "No, he gave his consent all right, but told me not to come to him with any of my future troubles."

KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's**
New Discovery
FOR COUGHS
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

of deaths of children, under five years of age, to all mortality has gone down from 62.61 in 1857 to 30.27 in 1909, and of children under five years of age, the death rates per thousand of total population in the city of Chicago has gone from 14.50 in 1857 to 4.21 in 1909. The records show that in the city of Chicago, in 1906, 913 children, under five years of age, died of various general diseases, other than those hereinafter stated; 2384 children, under five years of age, died of gastro enteritis, dysentery and diarrhea, the larger number of whom were under one year of age; 1657 children, under five years of age, died of pneumonia; 802 children died of cerebro meningitis and its kindred diseases; various other numbers by various other diseases, and sixteen and one half children from tuberculosis of the bovine infection.

Tables of vital statistics in thirty-four cities of over five thousand population in the state of Illinois have a bearing upon this question, compared with the vital statistics of the same time in the city of Chicago, including the year, 1907.

	Total Deaths	Tuberculosis in all forms	Infantile Enteritis
Chicago....	32,113	4,030	2,455
34 cities in Ill. over 5000 population....	11,049	1,208	470

These tables show that in thirty-four cities in the state of Illinois having over a population of five thousand each, not including Chicago, in 1907, the total number of deaths was 34 per cent of the total number of deaths from tuberculosis in all forms in the thirty-four cities outside of Chicago was only 30 per cent of the total number of deaths from tuberculosis of all forms in the city of Chicago. In other words, tuberculosis of all forms was 15 per cent higher in the city of Chicago than in the cities outside, taking the total number of deaths as a basis in the thirty-four cities outside of Chicago, while the total death rate was 34 per cent of the total number of deaths in the city of Chicago. Deaths from infantile enteritis in the thirty-four cities outside of Chicago was only 19 per cent of the number of deaths from the same cause in the city of Chicago during the same time. In other words infantile enteritis in the city of Chicago was 83 per cent higher compared with the total death rate to deaths from the same cause in the thirty-four cities outside of Chicago during 1907. To be more explicit we have a total death rate in the city of Chicago and in thirty-four cities outside of Chicago. It is shown by these figures that, based upon the total death rate, tuberculosis prevails in the city of Chicago 15 per cent higher than it prevails in other parts of the state. These tables show that infantile enteritis prevails in the city of Chicago 83 percent higher than it prevails in other parts of the state.

The population of the city of Chicago consumes less than four fifths of a pint of milk, per capita, per day. It would require no proof or argument probably to establish that milk was consumed much more extensively in the smaller cities than in the city of Chicago. If milk infection was a moving cause of tuberculosis to any appreciable degree, the records would doubtless indicate a higher death rate from tuberculosis outside of Chicago than it indicates in the city. The records do not so show. The records do show a very high death rate in the city of Chicago and almost double that in the country from infantile enteritis not connected in any way with tuberculosis. And if milk is the cause of this disease, or impure milk aggravates it, it would seem to be a strong argument that milk in its transportation, handling and care, after it leaves the farm, as well as the sanitary conditions around which it is produced, should be looked to more carefully and systematically, if any considerable number of infantile deaths are to be prevented.

Your committee find that there is no necessity of adopting the tuberculin test in the state of Illinois.

Your committee further say, that the germ of tuberculosis, the tubercle bacillus, may come from a cow afflicted with tuberculosis, through her milk, and infect a human being, but not to such an extent, or not in any sufficient number of cases, to render the tuberculin testing of cattle either necessary or essential.

There is grave doubt whether the Bang system could be carried out in the dairy districts of northern Illinois to any sufficient extent as to make it practicable without revolutionizing the industry, as it is now carried on; and it is quite likely, if an attempt were made to put it into practical operation, it would meet with such opposition either from natural causes or otherwise as would result in its defeat.

Your committee is not advised as to what extent the provision of these laws have been made use of by the various cities and counties of the state, but it would strongly recommend that the State of Illinois make an appropriation at the coming or present session of the legislature to provide for one or two camps or sanatoriums in the state of Illinois for the treatment, care and cure of persons afflicted with tuberculosis.

A grade of certified milk either should be furnished or should not be given legal sanction. If not given legal sanction, a law should be passed compelling every dealer selling what purports to be certified milk to mark the bottle or receptacle plainly in a certain number of words, as to what is the basis of certification. We believe from our investigation that the milk commission of the Chicago Medical society are sincerely and honestly attempting to furnish a high grade of milk with an eminent amount of intelligence and understanding upon this subject. They are part and parcel of the medical society of Cook county. They should be protected in their work, and, if it is not wise for the state by law to establish different grades of milk and provide for the inspection, the state should at least by law penalize the indiscriminate labeling of milk as certified milk.

Your committee would recommend that a law be passed by the state of Illinois preventing and prohibiting any municipality in the state of Illinois from establishing or demanding the tuberculin test of dairy cattle as a means of protecting the milk supply.

Your committee would further recommend that authority be granted to the State Board of Live Stock Commissioners to make the tuberculin test and grant certificates to owners and otherwise of dairy and breeding cattle to be shipped to foreign states and countries outside of the state of Illinois, where such foreign states and countries require the tuberculin test upon dairy and breeding cattle shipped into such states.

And your committee would further recommend that all dairy and breeding cattle shipped into the state of Illinois from foreign states and countries outside of the state of Illinois be required to bear with them, upon entrance into the states of Illinois, certificates that they are free from all contagious and infectious diseases, including the disease tuberculosis.

And your committee would further recommend that all dairy and breeding cattle, shipped from the Union stock yards at Chicago, stock yards at Peoria and stock yards at East St. Louis to any point within the state of Illinois, be inspected under the authority of the Board of Live Stock Commissioners of the state of Illinois, and be certified as free from all contagious and infectious diseases, including the disease of tuberculosis.

Your committee recommend that the physical examination and inspection of dairy cows be enforced and extended as far as possible, and in accordance with the contracts that are made between the large milk dealers and their patrons as set out in our record; and that only such

animals be eliminated from the herd as show, from a physical or clinical inspection and examination, that they are infected with tuberculosis, and in this connection too much cannot be said as to the enforcement of sanitary regulations upon the farms; in the barns, a pure water supply, proper and sufficient ventilation the icing and cooling of milk. And a law should be passed in the state of Illinois requiring every railroad and transportation company conveying milk to the city of Chicago to furnish refrigerator cars, especially for the conveyance of canned milk, and the milk should be kept at a temperature at least below fifty degrees Fahrenheit from the time it is produced until it is delivered to the consumer.

We submit numerous series of bacterial counts made by the Department of Health of the city of Chicago tending to show that the number of bacteria in pasteurized milk is very much less than the number of bacteria in raw milk; all of which together with evidence and the literature upon the subject of pasteurization, your committee herewith report in its record, with the finding and report that the subject of pasteurization whatever may or may not be the determination and cancellation of the medical world hereafter as to its merits.—It is a question that largely is local, pertaining to each individual city or locality and can will be left to local regulation and enforcement until the medical world may, by a majority, at least determine the wholesomeness of such milk.

HIS ENERGY WAS WASTED

American Newspaper Reporter Has
Queer Experience on the London
Times.

A young Philadelphia recently went abroad and secured a position as reporter for the London Times. He was sent one evening to write up the story of a rich and beautiful girl, who had taken chloroform because her lover failed to appear at the altar when due. The young Philadelphia raced nimbly about, gathering various particulars, and hurried back to the office in a cab, after getting his copy into shape. Not far from midnight he sped upstairs to the local room, and turned in his copy with apologies for his unavoidable lateness. "It doesn't matter," said one of the editors, calmly, "this is Monday, you know, and we print suicides only on Saturdays."

Death In Hearing Fire

may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that make a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, sores, it soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at J. H. Swan's.

Electric current in your house or shop secures for you a working agent of extraordinary versatility whose assistance speedily becomes indispensable and as to the expense

Electricity is a Luxury in
Everything Except Cost

One kilowatt hour of electricity
used in the home will do many things

For instance it will keep a 16 candle-power carbon lamp lighted 20 hours, or a 32 candle-power tungsten lamp 25 hours. It will warm your curling tongs every day in the year for three minutes and twice on Sunday, or it will heat your shaving water every morning for 8 months. It will boil 9 kettles each holding 2 pints of water, or it will cook 15 chops in 15

minutes. It will keep your breakfast warm for five hours, and carry your dinner upstairs every day in the week. It will keep three domestic flat irons in use for an hour, or run a sewing machine 21 hours. It will give you a fire in your bed room for an hour while you are dressing, or it will warm all the beds in the house by warming pans for a couple of weeks.

The Same Amount of Electricity
Used for Power

Will saw 300 feet of timber, clean 5,000 knives, clean 75 pairs of boots, clip 5 horses, run a plate polishing machine for 21 hours, iron 30 silk hats, light 3,000 cigars, knead 8 sacks of flour into dough, fill and cork 250 dozen pint bottles, pump 3,000 gallons of water or liquor to a height of 25 feet, lift 3½ tons 75 feet in 4 minutes, run a large elevating fan for 6 hours, carry 80 limes from the bottom of the house to the top 80 feet each journey.

The expense of introducing electric service in your house, fixtures included, may be met in 24 monthly payments. No interest. Let us explain the plan.

We sell everything electrical at our display rooms at the lowest prices

North Shore Electric Company

THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

118 Washington St., Waukegan.

Telephone 505

Carries the largest stock of men's and boys' ready to wear clothing, sweater coats, hats, caps, shoes, and in fact everything you need for men or boys. Our stock of work clothing such as overalls, shirts and pants is very large.

The Old Reliable
ONE PRICE

Premium tickets are still given and
all the old ones are still good.

C. W. Tomquist

Phone 469

M'g'r.

January Clearance

A visit to our store will convince you it is time well spent and a big saving on your purchases. We offer a few extra specials.

GROCERIES

21 lbs. Granulated sugar.....	1.00	8 pkgs Argo starch for.....	.25	Cake Bakers Chocolate for.....	.15
7 bars of Galyan soap.....	.25	10 lbs Buckwheat Flour for.....	.30	7 Bars of Fairy Soap for.....	.25
10 lbs of rolled oats for.....	.25	Bottle of St. Croix Maple Syrup.....	.18	2 pkgs Johnson Washing Powder.....	.25
2 cans of Eagle Brand condensed milk.....	.25	3 pgs of Richilieu Raisins for.....	.25	8 Cans Peas for.....	.25
6 lbs of Navy beans for.....	.25	3 pkgs currants for.....	.25	12 Cans Sweet Corn for.....	.85

DRY GOODS

All standard Prints yd.....	.05	\$1.75 Men's Underwear.....	1.40	\$1.25 Men's Underwear for.....	1.00
Outing Flannel yd.....	.04	\$1.50 Men's Underwear for.....	1.20	.75 Men's Underwear for.....	.60
All Flannelettes yd.....	.08	\$1.35 Men's Underwear for.....	1.08	.50 Men's Underwear for.....	.40

F. D. BATTERSHALL

General Merchandise

Grayslake, Illinois

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcements and the
Elgin Butter Market

ELGIN, ILL., Jan. 23.—Butter firm at 25c. Output for the week, 529,800 lbs.

Mrs. Praeton is quite ill at her home near Leon Lake.

John Welch of Libertyville was an Antioch caller Tuesday.

Wm. Barnstable of Chatek Wis., is visiting with Antioch relatives.

Mrs. C. W. Whitmore of Ottumwa, Iowa, is the guest of Antioch relatives.

Chas. Lux and Harry Tiffany opened up their shooting gallery at Grayslake Wednesday.

Mr. John Bink of Indiana is visiting at the home of his daughter Mrs. Kalut at History.

Township tax collector W. T. Taylor today (Friday) filed his bond, the amount of which is \$43,000.

Wanted—An experienced dressmaker or helper, to do all kinds of sewing. Apply to Mrs. A. G. Watson, Antioch Ill.

J. J. Morley has leased his poultry farm on the outskirts of the village to Frank Wendorf of Chicago, who will take possession February 1.

Miss Effie Gratz had the misfortune to fall while out skating last Sunday, with the result that her arm was broken about an inch and a half above the wrist.

G. A. Voltz having decided to rent his farm will sell at public auction on Wednesday, February 15, all the horses, hay, grain, machinery, etc., on the place.

See Alden, Bidinger & Co. for anything in music. Pianos, phonographs and records. Two stores, 473 Market street, Kenosha, and 209 N. Genesee street, Waukegan. For piano tuning send to us.

If you need a good ready made skirt give me a call. I have chiffon panama from \$3.75 up, French voile beautifully made and trimmed for \$3.75 and up. Fine French serge and worsted \$7.50 and up, and also taffeta silk skirts at \$9.50. These skirts are fitted free of charge. Mrs. A. G. Watson.

The report of the committee appointed by the last legislature for the purpose of investigating the tuberculosis test will be found on pages one and four. This is in a condensed form but contains all the essential points. By reading it carefully you will note that the committee governed by facts and figures, and without favoritism toward any interests, have reported against the test. Bills will be introduced in the legislature next week to carry out the recommendations of this committee and it is needless to say that the whole subject from the dairymen's standpoint will be violently opposed by the Chicago newspapers and others interested in its defeat.

Cards of Thanks

We wish to express our most sincere thanks to our neighbors and friends who so kindly aided us during the illness and death of husband and father, and also to the Masons, the Royal Neighbors and Woodmen and to all who furnished flowers, and also to the singers.

Mrs. Chas. E. Herman and family.

We wish to extend sincere thanks to our friends for their kindness to us in our recent bereavement.

Mrs. John McGinty and family.

Cypress Defies Decay.

Cypress water tanks have been known to defy decay for more than a quarter of a century.

Bond of Sympathy.

Tramp (to lady of the house)—"Is that your husband going down the street?" Lady—"Yes." Tramp—"I know, then, that you will not be accessible to some slight bond between us when I tell you that I asked that man for a dime?"

Real Tough Luck.

Our Cedar Point correspondent is recovering from a stroke of paralysis, the editor's office was burned, and the Bulletin's head reporter is about to write up her own wedding. It is what you might call tough luck all around. —Florence Bulletin.

Value of Graphite.

The fact that graphite is nearly pure carbon, is relatively inert chemically and volatilizes only at high temperatures, makes it of exceptional value in the manufacture of crucibles for the steel, brass and bronze industries, etc.

All Had Done Time.

"You know Mrs. Van Olders' family portrait gallery that she started last year?" "Yes." "Well, that great criminal detective officer who guarded the wedding presents when Frodo Van Olders married the oldest De Graft boy, told me that he recognizes seven of the portraits, and they had all done time—whatever that means."

Miss Ada Lux was a Chicago visitor Friday.

T. A. Simpson of Waukegan was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

William James of Spring Grove is visiting with Antioch relatives.

Oetting Bros., completed the task of filling their Lake Catherine ice house on Saturday last.

Frank Willett of Chicago attended the funeral of his mother, Mrs. L. K. Willett here on Monday.

Robert McLellan of Chicago, representing A. F. Warner & Co., was in Antioch on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Davies are this week moving to Maywood, Ill., where they will make their future home.

Sumner Spafford of Denver, Colo., visited with Antioch relatives and friends the latter part of last and the fore part of this week.

Miss Ada Lux and Miss Cora Heeper entertained the Seven-Eleven club at the home of the former last Monday evening. All present report a most enjoyable time.

Indian Silos—Wm. Stoffel, McHenry, Ill., agent for northern and western Lake County. Special discount for early orders. A postal card will bring us to your place. 13m4

Joe Van Patten who has been employed at the Knickerbocker ice house at Leon Lake, on Tuesday met with an accident severe enough to put him under the doctor's care. In some manner he slipped and fell, the pike polo striking him in the back and inflicting a cut that necessitated the taking of six or seven stitches.

The repairs on the Gurnee church building have been completed. The church has been refurnished throughout. Re-opening services will be held next Sunday morning and evening. Special music will be furnished by the choir, assisted by Robert Fulton as organist. Other special features will add to the interest of the morning program. The sermon will be preached by Rev. R. L. Handley, the pastor. A general invitation is extended to the public to attend.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at J. H. Swan's.

And He Does.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. —Shakespeare.

A Wonderful Spice.

Wonderful things the little brown cloves, for it makes two breathe grow where was only one breath before.

Wasted Effort.

It doesn't take half the effort to smile over a trouble that it does to tell all about it to everybody you meet.

Proof Positive.

"Thrifty, is she?" "Thrifty? I won't go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."

In a Minute.

"Is my hair coming down?" called the maid. "It will be in a minute," answered the maid. "I'm going upstairs for it now."

Slaughter of Elephants.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding a quantity of raw ivory the selling price of which is \$1,250,000.

A Poser for the Courts.

A Philadelphia judge has decided that a husband has no redress when his wife goes through his pockets and takes money from them. "What good would it do him if he had any redress?"

"Fire Fan."

Traveler (in a railway car, to fellow passenger): "Sir, what do you mean? This is the third time you have put out my match." Fellow traveler: "Forsooth of habit. I'm a member of a volunteer fire brigade."

Why He Mourned.

O'Toole—"An' why are yez wearin' mourla, Muldoon?" Muldoon—"Shure, an' Ol' hov' t'. Th' idler ov a magazine Ol'm takin' wrote me yesterday an' sed that me subschripshun hed exaphred."—Judge.

A Fine Example.

"We hear a great deal of talk about the value of optimism. Have you ever known a real, bred-in-the-bone optimist?"

"Yes. I met one this morning. He hopes to save enough cigar bands before Christmas to buy his wife a present."

MRS. JANE GARRETT
PASSED AWAY
WEDNESDAY

At the home of her son, Edward Douglas Garrett at Channell lake, Mrs. Jane Garrett breathed her last on Wednesday afternoon.

She was born at Dorchester, England in the year of 1847 and was seventy-four years old at the time of her death. She had been ill for a long time a cancer being the cause, and since last June had made her home with her son at Channell. Previous to that time she had lived in Chicago.

She is survived by five sons, two of whom reside in England, one in New York, one in Chicago and one at Channell.

The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at two o'clock, at the house, with Rev. A. O. Stixrud officiating, and interment in the Antioch cemetery.

The Small Package.

We used to say, "Good things come in small packages;" nowadays every thing does.

Absentminded. At the Box Office: Ticket Seller—"How many?" Absentminded Student—Two standing room—together.

Flower of Duty. Happiness is the natural flower of duty. The good man ought to be a thoroughly bright and happy man.—Phillips Brooks.

Your Ideal. Do the right and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.—Maritaneau.

Kerosene for Brass. Brasses should be rubbed with kerosene before they are polished. Then use oxalic acid or common vinegar and salt to remove the stains and dullness.

A Slow Town.

"Talk about Philadelphia being a slow town!" said a real estate man in New York, "I know one in New Jersey that has it walked to a conclusion. You know there is money sometimes in cemetery lots, so I bought some acreage near this town—I won't mention names—and laid out just as nice a cemetery as the most fastidious could ask for. Prices for lots were simply scandalous, they were so low. That was more than a year ago, and, by Jove! I haven't sold a lot since—not a lot. The people there haven't got energy enough to die, that's what's the matter! Unless they begin to move in a pretty soon I'm going to turn it into a cabbage patch." "You won't try to raise early cabbages on it, will you?" inquired a soft-voiced little man, who started off on the jump to catch the last ferry westward.—Judge.

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EGOS

Endowed by Creator With Certain Inalienable Somethings of Which Nothing Can Deprive Them.

An ego is a Latinized I. All men are created egos and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable somethings of which neither statute, ukase, edict, injunction, beggar, magistrate, book agent nor promoter can deprive them. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who fleeces from me my ego takes that of which he already has enough and makes me not at all.

Women without votes have egos, and, strangely enough, would still have them if they secured the votes. Hence egos are not a political issue.

An ego is what a man is when he has nothing and is nothing else; that is to say, he is then first person singular and no particular gender.

An ego is neither soul, body, spirit, family, country nor race. It is neither moral nor pathological. A criminal has just as much ego as a parson and no more. Some egos are better than others—chiefly our own.—Life.

GAVE UP ALL SHE RECEIVED

Girl With Red Hat Turns Cold Dignity on Inquisitive Conductor.

They were quite content with themselves, the six young women who boarded a north-bound Broadway car, says a contributor to Lippincott's Magazine, and they evinced very little concern for the dull routine and commonplace details of life. It was the announced intention of all to transfer to the Thirty-fourth street cross-town line, and to this end the girl in the red hat asked for and received six transfers. But the other five changed their minds before they reached the transfer point, declaring themselves in favor of a shopping foray, so only the girl with the red hat held to the original plan and boarded the Thirty-fourth street car. When the conductor came for her fare, she handed him the whole bunch of transfers—the original six. The conductor looked at her, on each side of her and all around her. Apparently she was alone. Also she was oblivious. Then he said: "Where are the others?" The girl with the red hat looked up, startled and confused for the instant. Then she replied, with cold dignity: "That, sir, is all the transfer man gave me."

Great Qualities. We love any forms, however ugly, from which great qualities shine.—Emerson.

Extremes in Temperature. The extremes of temperature on the Sahara are such that while the day is oppressively hot, at night it freezes.

Distance of the Horizon. At an elevation of ten feet above the sea the apparent horizon is slightly more than ten miles away.

Electric Lighted Pianos. In the canal zone it is the custom to keep electric lights burning inside pianos to prevent the wires rusting.

Then Spells It. A woman can look at a man in a way that makes him feel like a plugged nickel—then she spells the effect by saying things.

When You're Watched. When you drift along with the stream nobody pays any attention to you. When you buck against the tide everybody watches you.

A Thankful Spirit. Who can measure the worth of a thankful spirit? It exults and keeps one long after loved ones and property are gone.—W. H. Jordan.

The Unkindest Cut. Father (to his son, a doctor)—"If this isn't the limit! I pay all that money for you to study medicine, and the first thing you do is to cut me off my drinks."

Highest Waves. The highest waves ever met with in the ocean are said to be those off the Cape of Good Hope. Under the influence of a northwesterly gale they have been known to exceed 40 feet in height.

To Remove Mildew. If kid gloves have become spotted with mildew they should be placed in a bottle with a lump of ammonia about the size of a walnut; cork the bottle tightly and leave them for a short time, when the mildew spots will quite disappear. If left too long, however, the ammonia will rot the stitches, so they must be watched. An air-tight box will do equally well as a bottle.

Works Both Ways. One virtue will efface many vices; one vice will efface many virtues.—Balzac.

Butter Most Nutritious. Analysts say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, and that bacon comes next.

Something to Learn. Unfortunately we do not learn the value of staying where we belong till we have wandered where we don't.—Blue Bull.

Life of a Metal Pole. If a metal pole is unprotected when placed in the ground it will rust seriously in about ten years.

The Ideal. "Don't you know your husband is an awful flirt?" "How could I? You don't suppose he flirts with me, do you?"

Bleaching Ivory. Ivory may be bleached in a bath of unsalted lime, bran and water, after which it should be rubbed with a dry sawdust.

Just Superstition. Finding a pocket book means that the dreamer will finish his or her education abroad. Loosing one means the coming of a letter.

Crowded Cities. Fourteen per cent of the area of London is free from buildings, while Berlin has ten per cent, free space and Paris 4 1/2 per cent.

Discovered. Cook cracks our china, chips our glass and I'll bet a doughnut to a dime that she is the personage who made the world-famous "Nick of Time."

Willing to Please. "These stocks of yours are worthless," "I don't care," said the woman. "The broker was very accommodating. He has exchanged them four times."

Epistolary Politeness. A new form of epistolary politeness has been devised by a business firm which wrote to a delinquent: "Oblige us by remitting the amount of our bill or we will oblige you."

FIND OUT

Where they sell the Best Shoes then Buy There

Quality is the first fact to be considered. We buy the best and put the prices at the lowest possible margin, BUT we have absolutely ONE price, the same for everybody.

ANTIOCH CASH SHOE STORE

GOOD SHOES

See my line of 1910 Wall Paper Samples and get my prices before letting contract

NICK WEINDEL

Painter and Paper Hanger

All Work done in First Class Planner

ANTIOCH, ILL.



Blooded Stock for sale at prices and on terms to suit all

Inspection is invited of a quantity of pedigreed breeding stock which is in excess of the requirements of Hawthorn Farm. The stock is registered and consists of Brown Swiss bull calves, Brown Swiss yearling bulls, Shorthorn yearling bulls and Berkshire and Duroc boars.

Hawthorn Farm

(ANDREW EFINGER, Supt.)

Libertyville, Illinois

Telephone Libertyville 2733

Post Office: R. F. D. No. 1, Prairie View, Ill.

J. C. JAMES, JR.
UNDERTAKER
LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

BANK OF ANTIOCH.

EDWARD BROOK,
BANKER.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE,
AND DO A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS.

M. A. HULETT

VETERINARY SURGEON
ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

J. C. JAMES JR.

Justice of the Peace and Notary Public

REAL ESTATE

Both Farm and Lake Property

Fire Insurance Agent for Several Good Companies

Accidental and Life Insurance, Reasonable Rates and Good Companies

J. C. JAMES, JR.

Antioch, Illinois

W. J. WHITE

Funeral Director

Lady Assistant - Licensed Embalmer
Calls Answered Day or Night
Phone 313 Antioch, Ill.

T. N. DONNELLY & Co.

Loan and Diamond Brokers

118 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Between Washington and Madison

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, ALL KINDS JEWELRY
at less than cost At half the price you pay the regular stores
Dec 10 01 y1

E. V. ORVIS

Lawyer and Notary Public. Practice All courts
Farm property for sale. Damage suits and
collections of wages a specialty. Fire and
Life Insurance.

201 Washington St.
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS



LOTUS CAMP, No. 567 W. A. M. W. A.
meets at 7:30 the first and third
Monday evening of every month
in Woodmen Hall, Antioch, Illinois
Visiting Neighbors always welcome
L. M. HUGHES, V. C.
J. C. JAMES, Jr., Clerk.

SEQUIOIA LODGE, No. 827, A. F. & A. M., hold
regular communications the First and Third
Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting
Brethren always welcome.
W. F. ZIEGLER, W. M.
FRANK HUBER, Sec'y

The Eastern Star meets Second and Fourth
Thursdays of each month. MABEL GRIMM, W. M.
IDA OSBORN, Sec'y.

SPECTACLES SCIENTIFICALLY FITTED



C. F. INGALLS & BRO.

Jewelers and Opticians.

112 Genesee St. Waukegan, Ill.

D. C. PHILLIPS SHOT

ASSAILANT FIRES SIX BULLETS
IN AUTHOR'S BODY AND
COMMITTS SUICIDE.

WOUNDED MAN MAY RECOVER

Would Be Assassin Identified as Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough, Professor of Violin—Cause for Tragic Mystery.

New York.—David Graham Phillips, author and writer upon sociological problems, was shot down as he was on his way to the Princeton club by Fitzhugh C. Goldsborough, a professor of the violin, who had lived at the Rind School of Social Science.

After firing six bullets into the helpless author, Goldsborough turned his vicious looking Colt magazine revolver upon himself and sent a bullet plowing into his brain.

Goldsborough fell dead to the sidewalk. Phillips was hurried into the Princeton club and then to Bellevue hospital, where the surgeons said that he might recover. None of the six bullets, the surgeons thought, had touched a vital spot.

The motive for the shooting of Phillips is only vaguely hinted at through a remark Goldsborough made to Dr. George Maurer, who had treated the violinist. To the physician Goldsborough went six months ago when ill with stomach trouble. The physician saw him last three weeks ago. At that time Goldsborough declared with bitterness:

"There is an author who has written something that reflects upon my family in Washington. I do not like it."

Doctor Maurer gave no heed to what Goldsborough told him, and only adverted to it as a possible motive for the shooting of Phillips.

Goldsborough came of a family of some prominence in Washington. His father, Dr. Edmund K. Goldsborough, lives there with his wife and two daughters. Doctor Goldsborough told a reporter at Washington that he was utterly at a loss to account for his son's attempted murder of Phillips. He had no idea that his son was acquainted with the author.

Detective O'Farrell, of police headquarters, who knew Phillips intimately, said the author had spoken to him of getting threatening letters within the last two months. Phillips adverted to them jokingly.

Before he left his home at the National Arts club to go to the Princeton club, shortly before the shooting, Phillips got a telegram signed with his own name. In which he was warned to look out for his life. It is supposed the telegram was sent by Goldsborough.

PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE FORMED

Republicans Announce They Are to Fight for Popular Government—Many Reforms Advocated.

Washington.—Organization of the Republican Progressive league by progressive Republican senators, representatives, governors and others—an organization which will seek to "fight for the establishment of popular government"—was announced here Monday. Plans of the new league were concluded at a meeting Saturday night, at which time a declaration of principles was signed, a constitution adopted and the following officers elected: President, Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Oregon; vice-president, Representative George V. Norris, Nebraska; and Gov. Charles Osborn, Michigan; treasurer, Charles R. Crane, Chicago.

Executive Committee—Senator Moses E. Clapp, Minnesota; Senator Joseph L. Bristow, Kansas; Representative E. H. Hubbard, Iowa; Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, Wisconsin; Representative Elect William Kent, California; Clifford Phibbot, Pennsylvania; George L. Record, New Jersey.

The declaration of principles signed by nine Republican United States senators, the governors of six Republican states, thirteen members of the house, and others in part follows:

"The object of the league is the promotion of popular government and progressive legislation.

"Popular government in America has been thwarted and progressive legislation strangled by the special interests, which control caucuses, delegates, conventions and party organizations.

"The Progressive Republican league advocates the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people; direct primaries for the nomination of all elective officials; the direct election of delegates to national conventions, with opportunity for the voter to express his choice for president and vice-president; amendment to state constitutions providing for the initiative and referendum and recall; and a thorough general corrupt practices act."

Burn Negro at the Stake. Augusta, Ga.—It is reported here that Bill Johnson, a negro, who shot and killed D. C. Humphrey, a railroad brakeman, was burned at the stake near Avera, Ga., Monday by a mob which took him from the jail. Members of the mob say the negro got away from them.



TO AID HUMANKIND

ANDREW CARNEGIE GIVES \$10,000,000 TO WASHINGTON RESEARCH INSTITUTE.

GIFTS TOTAL \$25,000,000

Donor Announces That Through the Institution 60,000 Worlds Have Been Discovered and New Process for Making of Cement Found.

New York.—The donation of an additional endowment of \$10,000,000 to the Carnegie Institution of Washington by Andrew Carnegie, the founder, was announced Friday.

"This latest contribution brings the total of Mr. Carnegie's gifts to the institution to \$25,000,000, and will enable its directors to broaden greatly the scope of the work done under the general guidance and with the co-operation of the institute.

Coupled with the formal announcement was a declaration by Mr. Carnegie that the work of the institution had cleared from blame the captain of a British ship who ran his vessel upon the rocks, by proving that the British admiral's claims by which the captain was judged were two or three degrees astray.

The discovery of 60,000 new worlds by Professor Hale at the observatory on Mount Wilson, Cal., also was announced. The observatory was established by the institution, and its operations and discoveries afford Mr. Carnegie more delight, perhaps, than any other workings of the institution.

Mr. Carnegie also announced that a far more powerful telescope than man has ever made is now under construction for the Mount Wilson observatory. With it he hopes to make possible the discovery of still more celestial bodies.

The new telescope will have a lens of 100 inches diameter. Mr. Carnegie declares that "the whole world is going to listen to the oracle on the top of Mount Wilson, and in a few years we shall know more about the universe than Galileo and Copernicus ever dreamed of. I hope I shall live long enough to hear the revelations that are to come from Professor Hale on Mount Wilson."

Mr. Carnegie further declared that the institute soon will be ready to show a formula for the making of portland cement.

"It has found the ingredients necessary by analysis," he said, "and that invaluable material can be produced in any part of the world; wherever the elements are found. Hitherto, as I understand it, cement could only be made from certain comparatively rare deposits."

It was nearly ten years ago—in 1902—that the institute was founded by Mr. Carnegie. At that time he gave the board of trustees a fund of \$10,000,000 returning an annual income of five per cent. Five years later he added \$2,000,000 to the endowment of the institution, which was incorporated in 1904.

Talk In Illinois February 11.

Washington.—President Taft has accepted an invitation to take part in the exercises on Lincoln day, February 11, at Springfield, Ill. On the afternoon of that day he will speak to the Illinois legislature at a joint session, and in the evening will deliver an address on Lincoln.

Miss Belasco Weds. New York.—Miss Augusta Belasco, second daughter of David Belasco, was married at the Hotel Marlborough on Sunday to William Elliott, who recently added to his stage reputation in "Madame X."

Powder Mill Blast Kills Three. Cairo, Ill.—Three men were blown to pieces when a powder mill in Fayetteville, Ill., 20 miles north of Cairo, blew up Saturday. The shock was felt in Cairo. A number of employees were injured.

SUMMON 125 IN VOTE PROBE

DANVILLE GRAND JURY SENDS OUT SUBPOENAS.

Signing of Official Documents Causes Scurrying for Legal Advice—Judge May Be Hit.

Danville, Ill.—One Hundred and twenty-five subpoenas for Vermilion county politicians were issued by the vote-fraud grand jury directly after six of the wealthiest bankers of Danville had appeared before the inquisitorial body.

It was the initial broadside in the county's fight to purify the ballot and the bare rumor that the jury foreman, Isaac Woodward, was signing the official documents spread deepest consternation. When the wholesale subpoena rumor was verified there was wild scurrying for attorneys' and legal advice on the part of many.

The subpoenas issued followed a long day of grand jury session at which six of Danville's wealthiest bankers told the story of the downfall of Former County Treasurer Hardy H. Whitlock through extravagant vote buying. B. X. Lesauere, son-in-law of Joseph O. Cannon, president of the Danville National bank, was given the longest grilling before the grand jury.

It develops that Isaac Woodward, foreman of the grand jury, has consulted several attorneys with reference to indicting buyers and sellers of votes for criminal conspiracy, and it is predicted that a real sensation is in store for those who have expected merely a perfunctory arraignment and the assessment of nominal fines against offenders.

Under the law covering vote selling the seller cannot be prosecuted after the expiration of 18 months, but, according to the opinions of various lawyers consulted by Mr. Woodward, he can go back three years under the criminal conspiracy act. The law states that when a candidate is elected by fraud there has been criminal conspiracy and the grand jury will endeavor to bring indictments under the law, it is said.

If the grand jury goes back three years it will be compelled to investigate the election of Mayor Platt, Judge Kimbrough, who charged the grand jury in the vote-selling inquiry, State's Attorney Lewman, who is conducting the investigation, and numerous other officials who have been elected during the last three years.

ACQUITTED OF JURY BRIBING

Attorney Erbstein, Who Defended Leo O'Neill Browne, Is Found "Not Guilty" of Charge.

Chicago.—Attorney Charles B. Erbstein was acquitted of the charge of having bribed a juror in his efforts to prove Leo O'Neill Browne, former minority leader of the legislature, not guilty of purchasing votes for the election of William Lorimer to the United States senate.

The close of the Erbstein case brings to an end one of the angles growing out of charges of legislative corruption. Charges of jury bribing began to appear before the first trial of Browne was fairly started, and during the second trial, when Erbstein was chief counsel, the grand jury made daily investigations of new charges.

Shortly after the close of the trial in which Browne was acquitted, Grant McCutcheon, one of the Browne jurors, told that he sold his vote to Erbstein through a friend.

Barnes Elected As Leader. New York.—William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, who led the fight against Theodore Roosevelt in the Saratoga convention last fall, was Saturday chosen chairman of the Republican state committee to succeed Ezra P. Fitch.

Pioneer Aviator Is Dead. Bridgeport, Conn.—Charles F. Ritchie, the first man to build and operate a flying machine propelled by mechanical power, died Sunday at the Bridgeport hospital of pneumonia.

CHECK IT IN TIME

Few people realize the grave danger of neglecting the kidneys. The slightest kidney symptom may be Nature's warning of dropsy, diabetes or dreaded Bright's disease. If you have any kidney symptom, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once.

W. P. Miller, Pender, Neb., says: "I spent over \$1,000.00 trying to get well, but my life was despoiled. The doctors said I had torn the ligaments of the kidneys apart. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they were the first remedy that helped me. Were it not for them, I would have had to give up work."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Back, Then, to the Farm. Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction. A case of Pruritus Vulvæ which seemed to defy all known remedies was at once relieved and promptly cured. It also acted in a like manner in a severe case of eczema that had almost driven the patient crazy. It is indispensable to this day and generation.

F. C. Imes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Art in the Nude. The photographer's lady was very preoccupied showing some samples of work to prospective sitters, when a tall and raw-boned individual, apparently from "the land," stalked solemnly into the studio, and intimated that he would like to know what the "pictures" were worth.

"Like that, \$3 a dozen," said the photographer's lady, handing him one. The farmer gazed long and earnestly at the photograph of a very small baby sitting in a wash basin.

"And what would it cost with my clothes on?" he finally asked.

The Wise Bishop. To the brilliant Episcopal bishop of Tennessee, Dr. Thomas F. Gailor, a Memphis man of rather narrow views complained about charity balls.

"I doubt if it be quite so reverent, bishop," the man said, "to give a ball for the purposes of charity."

But Bishop Gailor, with a sly burst of common sense, laughed and replied:

"Why, my dear fellow, I'm sure, if it would do anybody any good, I'd dance the whole length of Memphis in full canonicals."

Young at the Business. General Howard was an invited guest of a dinner given by a boy's patriotic club. "You eat very well, my boy," said the general to a doughty young ironcladman. "If you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot."

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "but I've been practicing outing twelve years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months."

Fame and Fate. Fame came to the man. "I will have a five-cent cigar named for you," she said sweetly. "Fate followed on her heels."

"I will make you smoke the cigar!" hissed Fate.

Hadly the man turned down the byway to obscurity.—Life.

CHEATED FOR YEARS. Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often if We Let It.

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swayed you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in illustration:

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been."

"Sooing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals for a long time I looked upon it as a hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result."

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness ceased and I have gained all my lost weight back."

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page. "There's a Reason."

Ever send the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TEN MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CANADIAN WEST BY 1920

"Toronto Star," Dec. 16th, 1910.

The prediction is made that before 1920 Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia will have ten million people. It is made not by a sanguine Western journal but by that very sober business newspaper, the New York Commercial.

It is based upon actual observation, upon the wheat-growing capacity of the Canadian West, and upon the prospects of development following the building of railways. The writer shows how the position of leading wheat market of the world passed from Milwaukee to Minneapolis and thence to Winnipeg, Canada's wheat-growing belt is four times greater than that of the United States, and only five per cent of Canada's western agricultural area is under cultivation.

There are 170,000,000 acres of wheat lands which will make these Western Provinces richer, more populous, more dependable for food supplies than the Western States can ever become. The center of food supremacy will change to Canada, and 25 years more will give this country 40,000,000 population west of Ontario.

All these estimates of population are in the nature of guesses, and must not be read too literally. But the enormous area of wheat-growing land, the rapid construction of railways, and the large volume of immigration are facts which must be recognized.

They point to the production of an ever-increasing surplus of wheat and other cereals. However rapidly the urban, the industrial and commercial population of Canada may increase, the increase of home consumption is hardly likely to keep pace with that of the production of wheat; for a single acre of wheat will provide for the average annual consumption of four people.

While production in Canada is thus running ahead of consumption at a prodigious rate, consumption in the United States is overtaking production, and the surplus for export is growing smaller year by year. It is true that the limit of actual power to produce wheat is as yet far away.

By methods of intensive cultivation, such as prevail in France, the production could be greatly increased. But with the overflowing granary of Canada so close at hand, it seems likely that our neighbors will begin to import from us, turning their own energies more largely to other forms of agriculture.

It must be remembered that while the Northern States resemble Canada in climate and products, the ream-balance diminishes as you go southward. The wheat belt gives place to a corn belt, and this again to semi-tropical regions producing cotton, tobacco, cane-sugar, oranges and other tropical fruits.

The man who secures a farm in Western Canada at the present time secures an investment better than the best of bond or any government or bank. It is no unusual thing for a farmer in Western Canada to realize a profit of from \$5 to \$10 per acre. There are thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each still to be had, and particulars can be obtained by writing your nearest Canadian government agent.

Love may make the world go round, but it doesn't always seem to be able to make both ends meet.

CIDER and LAUNDRY Bluing made. 20c a gallon. Send 50c. Box 572 Okmulgee, Okla.

Calculated piety is the poorest kind of calculation.

Success Magazine.

Fame and Fate.

Young at the Business.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

IT IS A MISTAKE

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays.

An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascara Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given by Cascara's friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade placards, pay, on the unsuspecting public, by marketing tablets similar in appearance to Cascara. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascara. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Quite Another Thing.

For over fifty years Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other painful ailments have been cured by Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It is a good, honest remedy and you will not regret having a bottle ready for use.

When the suffragettes get in power the office may really seek the man, simply because it is trying to dodge the woman.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Love's little deeds loom largest on the recording angel's books.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO-CODINE Tablets. Drugstore refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 2c.

Hiding a tallow dip under a bushel does not make it an are light.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many who think they mean right are right mean.

Love may make the world go round, but it doesn't always seem to be able to make both ends meet.

CIDER and LAUNDRY Bluing made. 20c a gallon. Send 50c. Box 572 Okmulgee, Okla.

Calculated piety is the poorest kind of calculation.

Success Magazine.

Fame and Fate.

Young at the Business.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

"Like what it is here," his mother answered, "when you eight children are all at school."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Art in the Nude.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction.

Back, Then, to the Farm.

Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as bothersome as the children."

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?'"

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

MILLBURN

Doris Jamison has the scarlet fever. Mr. William Cleveland and Dorothy Bain are on the sick list.

Mr. William McGuire spent Friday with friends in Waukegan.

Mr. Ernest White of Montana called on friends in these parts recently.

Mr. George Jamison visited his brother-in-law, John Roberts, at Chicago.

Mr. Dawson of Iowa has moved on the farm just bought from C. W. Russell.

The remains of Mrs. Earl Strong of Waukegan were interred in Millburn cemetery Monday.

Miss Ethel McGuire visited a few days with her cousin, Cora Hook, of Grange Hall vicinity.

Mrs. Cora Anderson, of Iowa, Kansas, was called to Lake Forest on account of the illness of her daughter Florence.

The Millburn Ladies Aid society will hold their regular monthly meeting at the church Thursday, Feb. 2. Dinner will be served.

ROSSEAU ON AERONAUTICS

Curious Little Treatise on Aerial Navigation Written by French Author Turns Up.

A curious little book has turned up—an old, old treatise on aeronautics by Jena Jacques Rousseau called "Le Nouveau Deale." Like Leonardo da Vinci and Cyrano de Bergerac, Rousseau was haunted by the dream of aerial navigation. We read: "Men walk on the earth, they sail on the water and swim in it. Is not the air an element, like the others? What business have the birds to shut us out of their premises, while we are made welcome in those of the fishes?" Rousseau took no stock in any theories propounded by the Darius Greens of his day. He sifted the matter for himself, and thought it involved two problems. First, to find a body lighter than air, so that it would rise. He imagined that sooner or later such a body might present itself. There was no telling. But what stumped him was his second problem—how to make that oblong body stop rising, and how in creation to make it come down. This was too tough for Jena Jacques, and he wound up his book by admitting it. For a long time "Le Nouveau Deale" remained unpublished, appearing only in 1801.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living to-day, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery," writes A. D. McDonald of Payetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had nights sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, asthma, colds, hemorrhage, coughs, hay fever, croup, whooping cough, all bronchial troubles, it's supreme. Trial bottle free. Only 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by J. H. Swan.

More Important.

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?

Gallant Youth—Not particularly, but I would like to know if he still has it.

Solves A Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at J. H. Swan's.

Burr's Successful Flattery.

A contemporary of Burr, explaining how fascinating he was to young minds, says: "In his manner of listening he seemed to give your thoughts so much value by his manner of receiving and to find so much more meaning in your words than you had intended; no flattery was more subtle."

Great Gift to Humanity.

Of all the good gifts that ever came out of the wallet of the Fairy God-mother, the gift of natural gladness is the greatest and the best. It is to the soul what health is to the body, what sanity is to the mind, the best of normality.—Bliss Carman.

WOMAN GETS MONEY LONG PAST DUE

Mrs. Houghton is happy in the possession of almost \$1,100 which came to her as the net result of an investment in life insurance by her husband. Plutarch Houghton, away back in the '60s when the father of the late Charles Partridge induced him to take out a policy for \$3,000 in the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee, says the Wauconda Leader. Mr. Houghton made some payments in money and later as premiums fell due gave notes until premiums were paid in this manner, amounting to over \$600. The policy was laid away in a drawer but little used and was in some manner lost or destroyed, and probably Mr. Houghton thought no more of the matter. After his death members of the family found some of the premium receipts and Mr. Chas. Partridge was communicated with. He went to the offices of the company and looked the matter up and Saturday, Jan. 21, he had a check and receipts to settle up the claim. Mrs. Houghton has nearly \$1,100 we are told and we congratulate her upon her good fortune. This case speaks volumes for life insurance as this policy had just about carried itself as the agents say. The premium notes and interest was about \$1,900 which, of course, was deducted from the face of the policy.

CASH REGISTER INSTALLED IN TREASURERS OFFICE

A cash register is to be installed in the county treasurer's office and it is hoped that a better check will be kept on all deposits in the office hereafter. County Treasurer Westerfield is much pleased over the improvement which is now being planned by the committee which has it in charge and which will report at the meeting of the supervisors who, on March 14th, will pass finally on the move of the committee.

The machine is a special made cash register, made by the National Cash Register Co. and is sent on approval, per the action of the committee. The machine has two special drawers and is so arranged that only two persons may have access to the drawers, each man being responsible for the cash in his drawer. In this way, the treasurer can keep a daily tab on the money and it is said mistakes cannot exceed over a day before somebody would have to explain.

The machine is specially made for such an office and it is felt that the supervisors will gladly approve it.

OXFORD STICKS TO GREEK

Victory for Hellenists When Congregation and Not Convocation Declined to Make Language Optional.

Humility is not dead after all. Oxford sticks to Greek. It is a great victory for the Hellenists, for it was congregation and not convocation which declined to make Greek optional for all. No one can say that the country parsons did it, or that expert opinion all those who are actively concerned in running the university, were in favor of the change and overborne by outside reaction brought up for the purpose. Greek must have equal rights with Latin. The ordinary undergraduate should be made to know something of both and if he is to be allowed to do with only one, Greek must have as good a chance of being taken as Latin. This, as Prof. Gilbert Murray says, will save Greek at the public schools. For the specialist, the mathematical or science man, we have always been willing to let him off Greek; though in our judgment it will generally be better for him if he is not let off.—Saturday Review.

HERE IS THE "PERFECT" CAT

Expert Describes the Points Which Constitute the Standard Type of Feline.

Catastrophe came to many cats of all classes at the annual exhibit of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Cat club.

Here is Mrs. de Bille's description of the perfect or standard cat:

"The perfect type of male must have a large round head, small ears set far apart, and large, round eyes. He should be set low on his legs, and the upper joints of the legs should be short. The male should have large, strong legs, and the broad chest of the bulldog. He should have a general stocky build. Colors vary with the different classes. The nose should be stub, and the tail, when extended over the back, should not reach farther than the shoulder joint. In general, the brush should be short and thick, and in proportion to the build. The same characteristics are required for females, except that the rugged frame of the male is not essential.

"A tabby cat is a cat with markings, either of stripes or blotches, in light or dark shades. The name comes from the old Persian word *alaba*, meaning watered silk."

SOME REAL COLD WEATHER

Grocery Drummer Felt the Frigid Wave Coming and Took Precautionary Measures.

"Cold?" repeated the grocery drummer as he came into the lobby of the hotel. "Where? When? What?"

"But it's zero weather," was protested.

"Zero weather? My friends, do you know what they would call this up in Winnipeg? Just a southern zephyr. The men would be out in their shirt-sleeves playing baseball, and the women would be wondering how soon the grasshoppers would be around."

"You've been up there, have you?" was asked.

"Spent one whole winter there."

"And how cold was it?"

"Only 47 below most of the time. For a space of four days it reached 00, but that was exceptional. Don't talk about zero weather to me!"

"Many freeze to death?"

"Hundreds. I saw one man freeze to death while simply crossing the street."

"And you suffered?"

"Not a frost-bite. When I found water was setting in and no chance to get away I took my measures. Oh, no, I didn't suffer."

"But how did you escape?"

"I first bought the hotel. Then I had steam heat put in. Then I ordered 300 tons of coal and employed three engineers. Then I had double windows put in all the porches and verandas wrapped up in cotton batting. At every meal we had mustard and tobacco sauce and other heating things. I also kept all the waiters swearing, and thus we pulled through with the loss of only one man."

"And how was that?"

"Oh, he was an obstinate old cuss, who insisted on sleeping in a room with only five radiators going, and he was found frozen to death in his bed. Zero weather! Humph!"

Power of Conscience.

It is doubtful if many of the things men regret are done only after a battle with conscience. Conscience is strong. When awake it lays a restraining hand upon the shoulder of the wayward impulse and pulls back as no other force in the world. It is very difficult to trample upon an awakened conscience. And those who do it probably wipe away that conviction upon which the restraining influence of conscience is based. They knew the prick of conscience less keenly than any others.

It seems more often to be the part of conscience to awake to a realization of the situation after all is done and then remain like the magic word "Tlondoroga," both through sleep and waking hours. Judging from the activities around us, the average man would reach the conclusion that the errors which men most regret are committed when they least realize what is happening. Most of the mistakes are made with a blithe thoughtlessness which does not even hint at the possibility of the remorse to come.

Probably if the world could have its been it would wish for few things better than that conscience should make cowards of us all rather than persisting in its cowardly attack from the rear.—San Antonio Express.

LEARN HABITS OF THRIFT

Three Hundred Children, Who Attend Philadelphia Mission, Save Collectively \$6,000.

Taught habits of thrift at St. Martha's mission, Eighth street and Snyder avenue, the children who attend the mission, about 300 in number, have saved, collectively \$6,000 in the last few years.

This statement was made by Deaconess Colebury in an address in the church house, Twelfth and Walnut streets, to social workers. The speaker told of the personal and human side of settlement work and described the work of the mission in its efforts to bring about "neighborhood improvement."

One of the first things taught the children of the neighborhood was to be thrifty. Deaconess Colebury told of one little fellow, less than ten years old, who had profited by the lesson. He told proudly of the sum he had saved from the pennies given to him, and when asked to tell why he saved, said:

"Well, some day I might grow up and then I might get married and then some day I might be out of work."

The mission has done other things for the children of the neighborhood, too, and has a splendid record for its nine years of existence at its present location. A substitution of the free public library has been opened there, a dispensary has been provided and there are two playgrounds, where 300 children played every day last summer. Then there are clubs for the children and a mothers' club for the mothers.—Philadelphia North American.

Points on Sparking.

A foreign-born professor of physics in a western college was lecturing to a class of young men and light-hearted "co-eds." With reference to an electrical apparatus before him, he explained in the gravest manner possible:

"You see, when I keep these two metal points far apart, do electric spark makes a great noise, but not so when I bring them closer together. So, ladies and gentlemen, observe the general rule: Do report lies never so great when the sparking distance is short."—Judge.

NOT SAME OLD WORLD

SCIENTISTS CHANGE THINGS IN LAST HALF CENTURY.

Scarcely a Day Passes but What Science Takes a Pot Shot at Some Picturesque Phase of Our Earlier Lives.

It is queer, but seemingly science knocks all the picturesque out of life, and if science were in a shooting gallery and the picturesque were a target, the bull would never stop ringing.

The old oaken bucket has given place to the galvanized iron vessel. The gourd dipper is now a tin cup with a handle soldered on.

The moss-grown well curb is no more, and over the well is a solid slab of cement while in a bright red building a sizzling, thumping gasoline engine is industriously pumping the cool water into an elevated metal tank on stilts.

No more the ploughman plods his weary way from the field. He rides back on the plough which now has wheels. The country doctor now has an automobile and Dobbin has been made into sausage.

And in the city it's worse. The scissor grinder used to have a contraption made of wheels and wood and leather and stood up and ground the things. Now he has an automobile with a scissor grinder attached, and the auto power runs the thing.

The shoemaker used to squat on a polished leather seat in his lifted shop and cobble shoes while you sat with your cold feet on a newspaper. Now you go into a miniature shoe factory where they can make you a pair of shoes in the time it took him to put a heel on, and the buzz of machinery is only broken by the rattle of the cash register.

Where merchants used to put a gun or a mortar and pestle or something above their shops to show what they sold, the merchants now have, recurring, alternating, lit-or-miss, come-and-go sort of electric signs that make you blind to gaze upon.

No more the seller of feather dusters and whisk brooms strolls about the streets with weird cries. You get these things at the store and twenty-one seconds later a motorcycle youth delivers them.

No more the vendor of apples cries fiercely on the streets. Apples are now sold at a nickel apiece at the fruit stands, and the fruit has to be polished daily to keep it bright.

The hydrant has displaced the town pump; the barber shop is now a place where they do man-curling and give baths, no longer a lounging place for gossip.

It's all been changed by science, and scarcely a day passes that science doesn't take a pot shot at some picturesque phase of our earlier lives and knocks the feathers out of its fall, for there's no room on this earth for both the scientific and the picturesque, and something had to go.

Heart of the Hallstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float, apparently invisible, in the atmosphere, there could be no rain drops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops.

The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may grow a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window.

But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

Wasps Against Flies.

In the war against noxious insects the employment of insect allies is a measure that is coming rapidly into vogue. Among these allies one of the most important is the wasp, "bom-bex," because it has been found to be an inveterate enemy of glassina flies, which are the conveyors of infection for the incurable sleeping sickness of Africa. It has been called "The Glassina Hunter of Dahomey," and according to the observations of Doctor Bouffard at Bamaku, it is the only biomonoterpous insect which attacks these flies. The bom-bex performs its work in true knight-errant fashion, flying round animals that are persecuted by the flies, darting upon them with a speed that almost defies the eye, and transfixing them with its sting, after which it carries the victims to its nest as food for larvae.

A Request.

"I shall never forget," says the eminent man of wealth, during the course of his little speech on "How to Become as I Am," "I shall never forget how I saved my first hundred dollars."

At this juncture a weary individual in the audience, who had heard this story many times and has read it many times more, interrupts:

"Well, if you can't forget it, for heaven's sake give the rest of us a chance to."

WHEN UNCLE PINK RAN PAPER

He Did All Work Except Collect Money—That Was Human Impossibility.

"No work on a newspaper?" said Uncle Pink, "why I owned a newspaper once, and did everything on it from setting type and running the press to collecting the news and writing the editorials. There was only one thing I didn't do, and that was because it was a human impossibility. I refer to collecting the money. People had no idea of paying up, or if they did, they didn't carry out. It was in California about five or six years after old Sutter found the first pay streak and the crowds were still coming along. They had courage, strength, education and determination—everything but money. And they were willing to give up their time and energy, to give up their lives, yea, to give up anything but money. That they would not give up. This made newspapering a difficult business."

"I ran the Gulch Weekly News just four weeks. At the end of the fourth week I was against the necessity of stealing food or going to work for some man who had it. Eating may not be an artistic performance," said uncle, "but it is grounded in the instincts of our race. In 1855, much more than today, I was set and determined on eating. I saw if I ran the newspaper any longer that I would have to give up eating. I was like the boy in my town who said he would give up everything to go to sea. He went to sea, shipped on a whaler, and gave up everything, too, as it turned out. There is nothing so wobbly in a high wind as a whaler. I tried to sell the paper, but the man I approached on the subject reached for a weapon and I did not pursue the subject. The newspaper stopped right where it was. And it was a pretty good paper, too. Some time when you have a quiet hour," said uncle, "I will bring down my editorials on the annexation of new territory and read them to you. You needn't look so darned glum. You'll enjoy them. They make a powerful presentation of the subject. If it hadn't been for those four editorials in the Gulch News, California would today be a Mexican state. They opened people's eyes to the situation as it was. I'm afraid that lobbyist your friend is using is doped."

"Help yourself, uncle."

"Thanks."

The Modern Inquisition.

When the love letters a man has written are read in court, civilization slips back a notch. The thing is a barbarity, a medieval savagery belonging to the inquisition and the application of thumb screws. The anguish of the old torture chambers had at least something of dignity about it. There were high examples—some which became famous of nobility of spirit and physical endurance. But when one's love letters are recited for the entertainment of a jury there is no chance for the exercise of manhood. There is no dignity which cannot be made to appear absurd. There is nothing for the victim to do but grin his teeth and endure while his soul writhes and sweats in agony.

Chances are that half the men upon the jury who enjoy these exposures of asininity would rather go to their death than have their own love letters read aloud. They take delight that a man has been found to have been as silly as themselves. But, strange to say, jurymen seldom indicate any sympathy in the case. They usually give the man whose foolishness has been paraded the worst of it. Human charity goes on a strike.

Romance of a Shadow.

It is hard to believe that a shadow is probably the origin of all astronomical, geometrical and geographical science. The first man who fixed his staff perpendicularly in the ground and measured its shadow was the earliest computer of time, and the Arab of today who plants his spear in the sand, and marks where the shadow falls, is his direct descendant. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the early Egyptians told the length of the year. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the inhabitants of upper Egypt still measure the hours of work for a water wheel. In this case the gnomon is a hurra stalk supported on forked uprights, and points north and south. East and west are pegs in the ground, evenly marking the space of earth between sunrise and sunset. In a land of constant sunshine a shadow was the primitive chronometer. It was also the primitive foot rule.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

Must Be Gold Caps.

Little Alfred Cobb, who has been brought up very religiously, has always shown a great interest in heavenly affairs. Some time ago he was taken by his mother to Chicago, and while in that city had occasion to go to the shopping district several times. There is a hat store in Chicago known as Lord's, where head coverings are sold, and on one of these trips to the shops his mother said to Alfred, "Hurry, for we must get a hat at Lord's before we go home."

"What kind of a hat?" said little Alfred, "a golden hat like the angels wear?"

"No, of course not, child, what made you think of that?"

"I didn't know the Lord sold caps, but I thought they must be gold if he did," said the little fellow.—Philadelphia Times.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE

WATCHMAN TELLS SWITCHMAN ABOUT SOME TRESPASSERS.

"There is a People so Poor These Days That They Ought to Go Off and Die"—How He Obed His Orders.

The yard watchman, having slammed the door of the switch shanty behind him, dumped the switchman's big gray cat off a chair, poked up the fire in the red-hot monkey stove, and sat down with a sigh.

The switchman did not move. Behind the stove, his heels on the round of another chair, he was propped back against the thin wall, a curl of raw smoke curling from his ancient pipe. "It's th' divly to be poor," observed the watchman, feeling for his own pipe. In the silence that followed his unanswered remark he twisted a piece of loose paper and touched it to the stove, thereby obtaining a light.

"Ain't you makin' good pay?" asked the switchman. "What're you kickin' about?" The watchman growled.

"I ain't kickin' o' myself," he said; "not that I got as much as Jay Gould, I'm thakin' o' what happened just now in th' yards." The switchman's eyes followed him as he reached for his knife and pried clogging tobacco from the draft hole in his pipe's bowl, but he said nothing, deeming it unnecessary.

"Belo' Gawd, Jimmie," said the watchman, "there is people so poor these days that they ought to go off and die. There ain't nothin' for 'em."

"Down in th' south yard last now I hears a noise, an' goes snoopin' down to see if it ain't somebody brakin' seals. Down there between two lines o' empties I see a man with a lot o' kids. They ain't got no business in th' yard, so I crawl along th' top o' th' string an' watches 'em. They was sittin' where th' switch light showed what they was up to, an' they was eatin'. Eatin' what? W'y, raw cabbage they'd got out o' a car o' frosted stuff."

"Never min', kids," says th' man; "we'll pretend this here cabbage is bread."

"Can't we make a little, teeny fire?" asks one o' the kids. "It hurts your teeth, it's that cold." The man shakes his head.

"Not now, baby," he says; "they'll put us out o' here if we do. I know where there's some nice, warm straw, an' soon we eat we're going to bed."

"Then I slides off th' car an' tells 'em to git out," said the watchman. "I hates 'em, but orders is orders." "Y-a-a-s you did!" snorted the switchman. "I know you. I guess you throwed 'em out into th' alley, an' told 'em you'd have 'em hung if they come back." The watchman grinned sheepishly.

"Well," he said, "it wasn't as bad as that." The switchman grunted.

"What'd you do?" he asked. The watchman poked the fire. Then he filled his pipe again and spoke.

"I put 'em in a empty full o' corn husks," he said reluctantly. "If you tell, I'll kill ye, a-n-y-e."

"That all?" persisted the switchman. The watchman glared at him and went to the door.

"Well," he said, defensively, "you'd a done it, too. I give th' guy a dollar 'n' buy some'n' for th' kids t' eat." Then he slammed the door and went out.

First Meaning of Dollar.

Dollars appear to be regarded as essentially wicked coins by some people just now. There was a time when they were minted in our own country. In March, 1797, the mint issued stamped Spanish dollars worth 4s. 9d., but they were called in seven months later. It was from the Spanish coin that America got the idea of her almighty dollar, but the dollar-phase misses a point, surely, when it omits to mention that the very name was made in Germany. At least, "thaler," of which "dollar" is a corruption, was. The original thaler was the silver guldengroschen, coined in 1518 by order of Count Schlick from the silver of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, and known at first as the "Joachimsthaler." Thus the name means etymologically, "of the valley"—London Chronicle.

Puzzling Harcourt.

A story is told of a certain provost in Scotland who is evidently not a purist in the use of language. He had been laughed at for pronouncing "antipodes" as if it rhymed with "modes," and resolved in future to be on his guard.

Sir William Harcourt, accompanied by Mr. L. V. Harcourt, was honoring the burg with his presence, and the provost had to discuss with his guests the lamentably insanitary state of the place.

"And do you know, sir," said he, "you know how much people nowadays think of macro-bes?"

Again and again did he dwell on the mystic name, until Mr. Harcourt was moved to ask:

"About those macro-bes, Mr. Provost. Are they a local clan?"

Looked Good.

"Pop! Do you see that fashionably dressed lady going along there?"

"It certainly do, son. Who is she?"

"She's my Sunday school teacher." "Your Sunday school teacher?" "Yes, pop."

"Well, she certainly does look good to me!"—Yonkers Statesman.